THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIII.—No. 956

MARCH 29, 1922

Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper.

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Finest Golden Virginia,
OVAL, CORK-TIPPED.

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Those uncertainties of Spring—breaks of sunshine abruptly varied with rain and cold — are fully provided against in "Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas. Fine in quality, faultless in appearance, they appeal to the care-taking and critical man.

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CAPSICUM
PETROLEUM JELLY
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Nothing like the perfection of this method has ever been attained before—to all intents and purposes a woman can now enjoy naturally curly hair all the time. One needs to be a woman to appreciate just all this can mean.

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Price **15/11** post free.

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ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING KNITTED FROCK

WE have now in stock a large variety of new Spring Knitted Frocks, Coatees and Jumpers made from really high-grade materials, by our own skilled workers.

New knitted **WOOLLEN FROCK** made in a new design with panels each side back and front, which gives a very becoming line to any figure and with the fashionable inset sleeve. In super quality wool with bands of artificial silk in contrasting shades also to tone. In all the newest colours.

PRICE

5 Gns.

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

The Right Face Cream for You

YOU would not wear the same hat, colour and styles as other women. You would not do so because you are different. Your features, your colouring and other individual characteristics are unlike those of other women.

That is why the *right Face Cream for you* is so unlikely to be the same as used by other women.

Most women try this, that, and the other Face Cream without ever finding their right Cream.

Comparatively few even of those who know how to choose the hat, colour, and style that suits them know *how* to choose their right Face Cream.

This question of the right Face Cream is one of the most difficult of all questions in every woman's toilet. Her hats she can try on and note the immediate effect. Her Face Creams she purchases and tries one after another in the hope of finding the one that really suits her.

Friends who would never think of recommending their own style hats, colours, and styles to other women will nevertheless recommend *their* face creams to other women.

Is it any wonder that so many women age so prematurely?

A PROPOSAL TO EVERY WOMAN

This question of *the right Face Cream for every woman* is now being solved to the complete satisfaction of many.

The particulars of the right Face Cream for YOU await you at any of the Phyllis Earle addresses you will see in the accompanying list.

At all these addresses there are ladies in charge who have taken a course of training at the London Institute of Beauty Culture, followed by a practice course at the Famous Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté, London.

All these ladies are qualified by their training and practice to give really expert advice in regard to the right Face Cream for everyone. Further, these Phyllis Earle Practitioners demonstrate their Professional knowledge and ability by giving a Face Massage with the selected right Face Cream, or Creams (some Skins and Complexions require two different-purpose Creams).

The RIGHT Face Cream for you—with the RIGHT massage—will transform a prematurely aged-looking face as shown in these diagrams.

It is even more than a case of the right Face Cream or Creams. The Face Massage itself is very important, too, where different corrective results are desired, as with such widely varying conditions as—

—Oily or Dry Skin
—Colourless or Over-Coloured Skin
—Shallow or Deep Lines and Wrinkles
—Contracted or Relaxed Features

All these—and many other—Skin and Complexion faults call for differently applied Facial Massage. Here, then, is where the highly trained and qualified Phyllis Earle Practitioner is so helpful. SHE KNOWS.

Because the Phyllis Earle Practitioners KNOW their professional work as a doctor or dentist knows his, ladies in ever-increasing numbers are visiting the Phyllis Earle Departments at the listed well-known ladies' hairdressing establishments, and at the Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté in London.

A visit to a Phyllis Earle Practitioner for a Manicure or a Face Massage affords readers the opportunity of learning something to the advantage of their personal appearance without fee or obligation of any kind. And the answer to this question of *the right Face Cream* and how to care for the skin and complexion is really much more *lastingly* important to a woman than any *briefly* worn hat or style.

GRATIS TO READERS

A Phyllis Earle Booklet No 47 dealing with this question of the Right Face Cream and the Expert Care of the Skin and Complexion is obtainable gratis, and will be sent post free to any reader who sends 2d. stamps to

THE PHYLLIS EARLE INSTITUT DE BEAUTÉ

Manicure, Face Massage, Electrolysis and All Skin, Complexion and Hair Treatments at Moderate Charges, by Qualified Lady Graduates of the London Institute of Beauty Culture

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A. FASNACHT, 15 North Parade.
CARDIFF—
ROBERT LANE, Duke Street.
HULL—
SWALLOW & BARRY, 24 George Street.
NORWICH—
MADAME PFOB, 2 Royal Arcade.
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MAISON DOROTHEA, The Broadway.
YORK—
SWALLOW & BARRY, 26 Stonegate.
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F. HOFFMAN, 47 High Street.
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Qualified Phyllis Earle Practitioners at all above

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Perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful, specially designed for present wear.

KNITTED WOOLLEN DRESS (as sketch) made from softest quality yarn in a new raised check design in White, Black, Navy, Saxe, Grey, Brown, Mauve, and Cerise, bordered at neck, sleeves and pockets with bright artificial silk to match, sash of soft wool finished with silk bobble.

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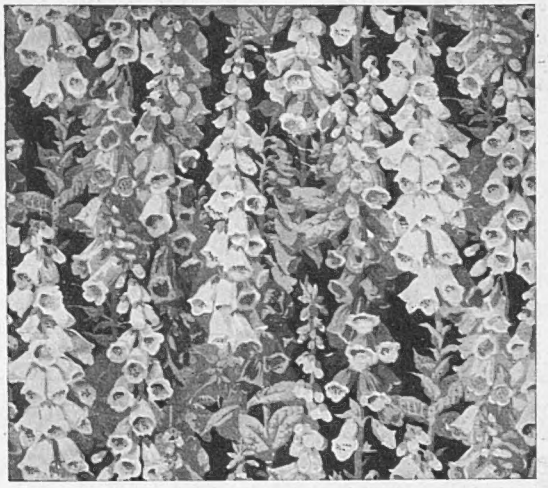

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31 ins. wide **2/6** per yard.

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New Teafrock in rich quality tea coloured lace over georgette, the bodice arranged with a long-waisted coatee of crepe de Chine to tone, the waist finished with a garland of flowers on ribbon sash. In Brown, Mauve, Navy, and Black, the lace dyed to match in each case.

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UNDERWEAR
AT SPECIAL PRICES

DURING the last few years, Milanese Silk Underwear has been extremely fashionable.

For the coming Season, we have designed a number of attractive garments in Milanese and shall sell them at prices very little in advance of those prevailing in pre-war days.

Pure silk Milanese VESTS, thoroughly well made from excellent quality materials that can be strongly recommended for really good wear, trimmed wide thread lace, in White, Pink and Lemon.

VEST. Special Price. **21/9**
Super Quality. **35/6**

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BLOUSES.. .. 2s.
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GENTS.' SUITS, 6s. 6d.

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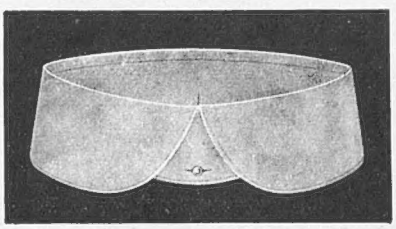


Such is Robinson & Cleaver's special offer. They are cut by their own experts, and will give the greatest comfort and long service to the wearer. Moreover, they retain their snow-white appearance even after repeated washings. Every collar is FACED WITH PURE IRISH LINEN, and the great superiority of linen over substitutes is too well recognised to call for emphasis. Write to-day for Illustrated Collar List No. 44T, sent post free.

Our large range includes the latest shapes as well as all the ever popular shapes. Illustrated is Shape "Box," 1¾ and 2 ins. deep.

CASTLE Quality, faced with pure Irish linen, Each *1/3*

ROYAL Quality, faced with superfine Irish linen, Each *1/6*

Collars made to order, any shape or size. Not less than one dozen. Extra cost 2/6 dozen.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD
Linen Manufacturers BELFAST

LETTERS TO A DEBUTANTE

By "Mildred."

A well-known fashion expert writes on footwear and other fashions. These letters will appear approximately every three or four weeks at the instance of J. Southall & Co., Ltd., of Norwich, who have made high-class shoes since 1792. "Mildred" will gladly answer any enquiries as to fashions, etc., if addressed care of Messrs. Southall.

DEAREST MEG,

Listen, mon enfant, and I will tell you my news. Town is not nearly as quiet as usual; the Embassy Club, for instance, is crowded every night—with the right people, of course. Lady Joan was there yesterday, the cynosure—good word, that—of all eyes. She was wearing a modernised Elizabethan dress, and I really don't think her waist could have measured more than eighteen inches. You know Lady Wellesley's is only nineteen inches, and she was the best dressed woman I met this season on the Riviera.

The Cultivation of the Waist. It really is amusing, the number of Society women who are rushing to a famous corsetière, who is making a speciality of cultivating a small waist. I believe she finds it far more amusing than grafting eyelashes or exterminating wrinkles. Her greatest achievement is that she reduced a twenty-one inch waist to 14½ inches in eighteen months, without discomfort to the Anti-waist candidate herself.

A Great Painter. "Il faut souffrir pour être belle," but perhaps you will scoff at the waistline as a way to beauty—waist not, want not, as the proverb says. The great Van Dongen will be on your side, anyway. This prince of painters declares that the silhouette matters not at all, and that it is from the feet that one learns whether a woman is intelligent or stupid, beautiful or plain, faithful or fickle. Fancy having fickle feet! Isn't it awful? He says that twenty years ago no one ever looked at the feet of a woman, but at the hands. You can imagine, can't you, what a terrific storm in a teacup this has aroused. We are simply tumbling over one another to buy the most perfect footgear imaginable, and every bit of information about the fashions is worth its weight in gold. You can't go wrong with suede and patent leather, but no one has a good word for the round French toe: it sort of indicates a narrow outlook on life! It's the Grecian silhouette—is there such a thing as far as feet are concerned?—I don't know, but you see what I mean—that seems to be what matters.

It's from the feet one learns whether a woman is intelligent or stupid.

"If the Shoe Fits . . ." You remember Peter insisted I should do without a maid when he lost his job on the Board of that wonderful company in the City. Well, I sacked Emile, though it broke my heart. "We don't want to lose you," I said, "but we think you ought to go." I seem to have spent my entire time ever since darning stockings. Every day a nine-hole course sprang up in the heels. Luckily, Stella has discovered a new shoe—the Lightfoot. There are ever so many different kinds, but the main thing is that it has a "snug" fitting heel, which never slips up and down, never sags, and is lined with velvet leather lining. For walking, there are the smartest Oxford brogued suede shoes in various shades of grey and brown. I have fallen to the grey ones, because moleskin wraps and ringtail opossum stoles are going to be so fashionable.

A Peculiar Grey. These ringtail opossum stoles are the chef d'œuvres of a furrier from Paris. The grey is most peculiar and difficult to match, which makes it more exciting, for, of course, your furs simply must match your shoes. However, Peter and I spent a morning in the shops and at last discovered some suede shoes of just that elusive grey tint. When we looked inside we found they were Lightfoot—so no stocking troubles from *them!* Peter, being in a generous mood, gave me a pair of them and another pair to match my moleskin coatee. By the way, I have just had my moleskin coat remodelled, and it is now reminiscent of an abbreviated abba. Don't be upset about your mink coat; it will be quite all right, and there are always Lightfoot shoes to strike a happy contrast.

Peter, being in a generous mood, goes in for a pair.

The New Line. There is no doubt about it, skirts are going to be longer. Altho' the moyenage line may pursue the even fiver—I mean tenor—of its way, it will find a rival in what is called the Eastern line. Sounds more like London, Brighton and the South Coast, doesn't it? The skirts look as if they are made of a length of material placed on the left hip, carried over to the right hip (fullness is barred), and then arranged in a soft drapery. The little dressmaker round the corner won't have an earthly with these little frocks. The corsages are high, and even the extra special ones that will not make their début to the public until the really hot weather arrives are enriched with trimmings of fur. Sounds all right, doesn't it? Yours ever,

MILDRED.

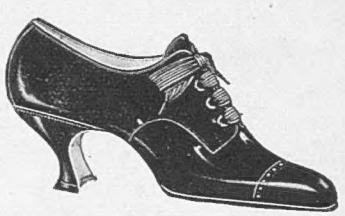
Lightfoot

Shoes for Ladies

THE infallible index to a woman's taste in dress is her footwear. The cut and fit of a shoe may make or mar the appearance of an otherwise perfectly dressed woman.

Lightfoot Style No. T. 15. Ladies' Grey and Nigger Suede Band Shoe, Louis Heel, Sew-round, Light and Flexible. **Price 37/6** *per pair. In black,* 39/-

No woman can afford to take chances in the matter of shoes. Not only must they be of perfect style, fit and comfort, but they must be so constructed to retain their shape and smart appearance to the end.



Lightfoot Style No. T. 14. Ladies' Patent Colt Louis Heel Derby Shoe, Sew-round, Light and Flexible. **Price 37/6** *per pair.*

All these requirements are met in Lightfoot shoes, and in addition they give longer than usual wear because only the finest materials are used in their manufacture.

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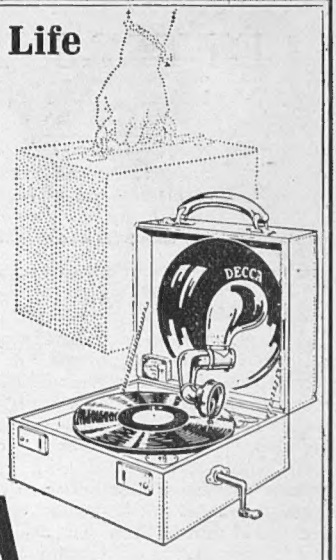
Monday. At home; in the evening orchestral music on the Decca.
Tuesday. Visited a convalescent friend. Took the Decca—by request.
Wednesday. At home. Visitors. A recital on the Decca—very much appreciated!
Thursday. John brought home three new records. Heard each one twice. John delighted; said they sounded better on the Decca than on the big cabinet at the Stores.
Friday. Wet. Children couldn't go out, so had the Decca in the nursery. Happy the whole day long.
Saturday. A few friends in for a dance. Decca—tucked away in the corner—provided the music. Everyone delighted.



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The Bystander, March 29, 1922 No. 956. Vol. LXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

THE "IRON"Y OF IT!

"Eamon" and "Michael" pressing their suits!

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Tuesday and Saturday at 2.15.

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Special offer of 20 pieces of Botany Wool Stockinette woven tubular, of very fine quality wool and specially dyed to latest shades. 54 inches wide, **9/11** *per yd.*
Patterns post free on request.

This garment will be found in our Lingerie Salon on the first floor.

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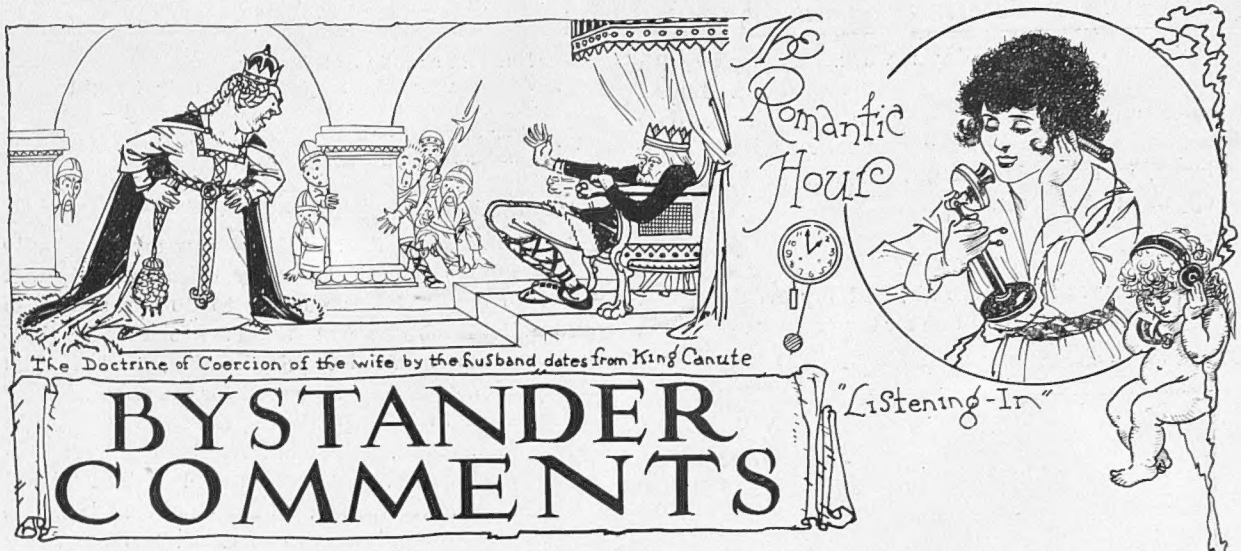


BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Farmers' Fancy

IN the spring the farmer's fancy turns to thoughts of Summer Time. Any night you may see him singing his cows to sleep, because, poor ignorant things, they don't realise that they have to get up an hour earlier in order not to keep the milk train waiting at the local station. Of course, it doesn't occur to the railway companies to alter the time of the milk trains! And so the poor cows have to be awakened at an unearthly hour, and many of them are losing their beauty sleep in consequence. When I was in Hampshire last week-end it struck me that Primrose and Pansy, the twin Alderneys, were already looking quite *passé*, and what they'll be like before the end of the season I don't dare to think.

The Romantic Hour

Now that telephone operators are "listening in," with a view to checking subscribers' telephone accounts, much of the Romance will be drained from business life. As a rule, there is not much Romance in trade, and what there is has been packed into that joyous hour between two and three in the afternoon, when the boss dallies over his coffee and the junior staff are free of the office telephone. Precious little business is doing just then, but a girl who works at a telephone exchange tells me that quite 50 per cent. of the day's calls are put through during this so-called slack period, and I gather that the conversations of Frank and Phyllis are always worth listening to:

"Romance," the business man exclaimed,
"Is dead as dead can be.
It plays no part in business life,
As anyone can see.
Romance is dead"—but all unknown,
Romance was on the telephone!

King Canute and Coercion

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been caused by Mr. Justice Darling's remarks on the "melancholy doctrine" that a wife can be coerced by her husband into the commission of a crime, and an effort is to be made to provide a legislative antidote. All this is, of course, rather ancient history, but what *does* intrigue me is the further statement of Lord Ullswater that the doctrine appears to date from the reign of King Canute. I should hate to contradict a Lord, but if Canute were as wise as the history books make him appear, he would surely know that the shoe is *quite* on the other foot, and that the husband is invariably the coerced party. Indeed, it would be as difficult to convince a woman against her will as it would be to make the tide turn an hour before the time given in the almanac—and no one knew this better than King Canute!

I Get It In the Neck!

I SHALL have to be more careful, or I shall be getting into serious trouble. A week ago I advocated a light breakfast, and said that the Continental roll and coffee was rapidly gaining in favour, and I now find that my innocent remark has become a veritable bone of contention. My principal critic points out that a light breakfast is usually followed by a heavy lunch, which dulls the brain and makes a man unfit for business in the afternoon. His theory finds a strong supporter in Sir Woodman Burbidge, who, as managing director of Harrods, Ltd., brings a good deal of weight into the controversy. He says: "Breakfast gives us a good foundation on which to maintain

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

strength during the day's work. A man with brilliant ideas in the morning may be a dullard after an elaborate midday meal." I can only assume that I wrote my original paragraph after lunch, and that it was not quite so brilliant as it appeared at the time.

Where is the Happy Land?

EMIGRATION is in the air, and my evening paper has set apart a column for the further ventilation of the topic. That's what I like about my evening paper. It is *so* helpful—as helpful, in fact, as Hampstead is bracing during these March days—but, like all philanthropists, it is apt to have its leg pulled, for I imagine that one of its correspondents must have had his tongue in his cheek when he asked to be sent to a country where there was no taxation. My evening paper does not attempt to answer this impertinent question, which opens up all sorts of possibilities. There must be a country, for instance, where policemen are so busy catching criminals that they haven't time to summon motorists for petty technical offences. And so on:

Over the Hills—beyond the blue,
There is a country strange and new,
Where dreary Stigginses cut no ice
And honest amusement is not a vice.
Where Sunday isn't so dull and grey,
But just as jolly as Saturday,
And cranks and killjoys have duly learned
We own the leisure that we have earned—
Over the Hills—beyond the blue,
That is the land I am going to!

By D. L. Ghilchik

THE "OUT AND OUTER'S" OUTING

"Shaw's Dullest Play"

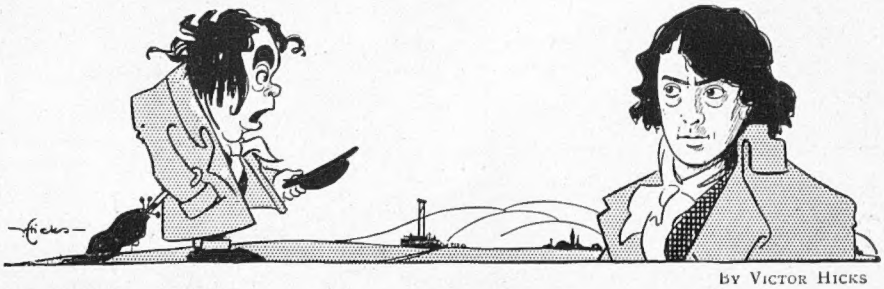
ADMIRERS of Gilbert and Sullivan are notoriously apt to treat those merry operas as holy writ and to expect lesser mortals to do the same. If you sit in the circle at the Princes Theatre these enthusiasts won't let you breathe, and if you blow your nose they send for the police. They seem to be experiencing the same nuisance in New York, where the Theatre Guild is producing Shaw's "longest and dullest play," *Back to Methuselah*. "The chief trouble with a Shaw play," writes one critic, "is the Shaw enthusiasts in the audience. . . . So afraid are they of having it thought that they are not getting the shades of meaning in the lines that they take a chance on everything that sounds suspicious . . . a low moan of appreciation runs through the house and several ladies faint. Heaven knows what a really good one would do to them." Poor Mr. Shaw! It must be very terrible to appeal to that type of intellectual snob.

Our Naughtiest Suburb

A WRITER—I'm sure he's a man—has been classing Surbiton with certain historically wicked cities because the men stare at the girls when passing them in the local High Street. Surbiton, I am assured, is the naughtiest of our outer suburbs—worse even than St. Margarets or Belsize Park. I know the writer to be a man, because no girl in this round world objects to being stared at—providing, of course, that you stare in the right way, as I am sure they do at Surbiton. A pretty girl is like a beautiful flower or a wonderful sunset—made to be admired, and she knows it. If you stare at a girl, the obvious inference is that she is worth staring at. Viewing the matter from the correct angle, one is forced to admit that the most certain way to insult a girl is not to stare at her. If you want to be sure of doing a good deed, stare at a married woman, for she will be so pleased to realise that she is still attractive that she will go home and be nice to her husband.

The Price of Eggs

THE cost of living is down again, and in a couple of weeks the butcher will be paying us to take the meat away. Instead of dunning us for house-



By Victor Hicks

"Naturally he wants to see himself as Robey sees him"

By E. T. Reed

THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT JONATHAN

A French ship, filled with all the choicest vintages, is to start on a visit to the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. She will anchor outside territorial limits (of the U.S.A., for instance) In a *heavenly* sentence, which should become a classic, it is stated that "*Those desirous of receiving samples*" will be given free tugboat tickets "out to the ship"

keeping money, our wives will keep the home going on nothing, and still save the price of a new spring frock; and herein may be found the key to the political conundrum of these changing times. Every time the politicians decide on an immediate election the price of eggs goes up a point, and the election is immediately postponed until such times as the electorate can afford to buy fresh eggs to throw at candidates. In this connection, a pessimistic poultry-farmer assures me that an immediate appeal to the public is now more than justified.

Should London Have Skyscrapers?

Once again discussion has arisen as to the height to which it should be permissible to erect buildings in London. In the *Graphic*, Mr. George F. Morrell pictorially contrasts the present buildings with those which would stud London were the official recommendations adopted. By shutting off light, it is pointed out, the higher buildings would make it necessary for multitudes of people to work in what would be little better than basements.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE ROYAL OPENING OF WATERLOO

Her Majesty the Queen, attended by Lady Ampthill, with Sir William Portal (left) and Brig.-Gen. H. W. Drummond (right), Chairman of the Company, at the recent opening of the enlarged Waterloo Terminus. The breaking of the blue ribbon officially stamps this station as the largest in the world

Politics

EVERYBODY is talking politics in these days. The most redoubtable old dowager, to whom "no trumps" is as the breath of life, will break off in the middle of a declaration at auction to ask you what the Prime Minister is "going to do." Your hostess at dinner, as the first spoonful of soup is going towards your mouth, says, "Do you think he will *really* resign?" And Miss Eighteen-to-Twenty-five, as you one-step or waltz with her to the strains of the family gramophone, murmurs, "Don't you think that the only hope for the country is *one* party in power, and a really strong Opposition?"

Not one of these dear ladies knows very much about the matter, but a crisis has arrived in politics, and it is astonishing what a number of people base their conversation — and opinions — on the headlines in the newspapers without ever troubling to read the matter below.

The New Waterloo

IT is difficult to say which is the more fruitful source of colds, a football match or a funeral. They run each other pretty closely. The King caught the cold which kept him indoors the greater part of last week at the Rugby match at Twickenham. For this reason His Majesty was unable to open the new Waterloo Station. The Queen, therefore, performed the ceremony —the first time a Sovereign has opened a railway station in this country.

With its magnificent approach, great booking-hall, and series of wide-stretching platforms it is difficult to realise that one is actually on the site of the dirt, dinginess, and squalor of the old Waterloo. What a pity the same transformation is not applied to Charing Cross! Victoria became a respectable member of station society almost before Waterloo began to think of mending its ways, so now Charing Cross, of the three southern railway stations, is left alone in its depressing grubbiness. But perhaps it adds to our feeling of thankfulness when we depart thence for the Riviera on a gloomy winter morning.

Photograph *Central News*

PRINCE HENRY AT THE BELVOIR'S POINT-TO-POINT

Prince Henry on Rathgarogue was only beaten on the post in the 10th Hussars Regimental Race at the Belvoir Point-to-Point, after a close race, by Mr. D. D. Stewart's Ruan. Prince Henry was staying with the Duke and Duchess of Rutland for the meet at Barrowby Hill, where the fields were large and excellent racing enjoyed

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF YORK

As the Earl of Inverness, at the 139th Anniversary Dinner of the Highland Society at the Hotel Cecil, with Sir James MacGregor

A British Custom

THE same cold prevented the King dining with my Lord and Lady Pembroke in Belgrave Square. No other Sovereigns follow this custom of dining at the houses of the nobility. The ex-Kaiser used to go occasionally to the home of an especial favourite, but at no other Court in Europe save ours do the Sovereigns honour subjects in this way.

Pining for the Old Order

I HEAR that the German authorities are refusing passports to anybody whose object in visiting the country is not absolutely commercial. They don't seem to want English tourists whilst the value of the mark is so low and the consequent rate of

Photograph *Sport and General*

ONLOOKERS AT THE ATHERSTONE POINT-TO-POINT

Anxious moments during one of the races at the Atherstone Point-to-Point, held at Sutton Cheney in High Leicestershire last week. From the left can be seen: Lady Worthington, Captain and Mrs. Finch Knightley, Mrs. H. Ainley, Miss Boyle, Mr. Smyth and Mr. Oxlade

exchange is advantageous to us. This will be most annoying news for the dowagers who still persist in believing that German waters are the only cure for their aches and pains.

Speaking of Germany, a friend in diplomacy tells me that, whatever may be the feeling in Prussia and Bavaria with regard to a monarchy, there is a very strong feeling in the smaller States for the restitution of the former grand dukes and princes.

The little capitals are beginning to miss the former perpetual interest of Court doings, and as all Germans adore a title—even if it is only that of First Chief Stationmaster—there are hankerings for the old order of things, under which nearly everybody was a Herr Something or Other.

On Being a Fugitive from Justice

THE life of a man who takes refuge in a foreign country from the consequences of his misdeeds isn't all beer and skittles. In fact, after hearing a "big pot" of Scotland Yard hold forth upon the subject a few evenings ago at a dinner-party it seemed to me that far the easier thing to do if ever you did "what you didn't oughter," would be to face the music and take the consequences.

The Scotland Yard official talked about crime and criminals just as you and I talk about books, golf, and the play—and with all apologies to you—he was far more interesting than either of us. His description of the existence of a fugitive from justice was like a cinema. It is a ghastly life. This is a paraphrase of what he told us.

First there is the question of money. The fugitive has either to take a large sum with him or else to have prepared for his flight by opening accounts under false names in foreign banks. If he has the money in his possession he is always haunted by the fear of being robbed; if he has put money in banks he runs the risk of detection every time he goes to draw it out, unless he has a confederate to help him

Next comes the question of personal appearance. Baldness must be covered by a toupet, a clean-shaven upper lip and chin must be covered by a moustache and beard; or if they already exist the razor must remove them. Clothes of English cut, boots, everything distinctively English, must be discarded. And even then what is the daily existence of the fugitive?

His greatest chance of safety lies in a big city. In a village or a small town the coming of a stranger and a foreigner would be immediately commented upon. In a city he would pass unnoticed, but even there he must change his abode at frequent intervals for fear he should become known, going from *louche* hotel to *louche* hotel in an underworld where it is everybody's business to ask no questions.

To a man who had held any sort of social position in England the life must be a sort of death. No letters, no newspapers, no touch at any point with his former existence—everything swept away, and his days and nights obsessed by the fear of discovery, and the brooding horror of what will happen when his money comes to an end.

The Scotland Yard official told us that such men invariably cling to the hope of being able to get away to South America or some other distant part of the world when the hue and cry dies down. There, although they may be amongst strangers, they can live an open life.

He told us of one case in which an English fugitive from justice had lived for fifteen years hidden in France. For two years he had gone from *hotel garni* to *hotel garni* in Paris disguised as a music-teacher, always living alone, always dreading arrest. Then he made the acquaintance of a woman—what the French call *une femme quelconque*. Overcome by the ghastly loneliness and emptiness of his life he told her his story and offered her marriage. This was a case in which the fugitive had taken a goodly store of money with him. By some means the necessary French papers for the man were procured—money always helps—and the two were married. But such was their joint terror of his arrest that they went to a remote country place, and there, in a small cottage, they lived for thirteen years, the man scarcely ever stirring out by day, the woman cheerfully accepting exile and solitude for the sake of a home and the money which had been invested in her name.

The man had held a considerable position in England. Through that position he had abused the confidence placed in him, not only by friends, but

Photograph *Sport and General*

A SMILING SNAPSHOT AT SUTTON CHENEY

Lady Rowena Paterson, Mrs. H. A. Brown, Lord Huntingdon, Miss Fisher and Mr. H. A. Brown give the camera man a smiling chance at the Atherstone Point-to-Point last week

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MRS. R. L. DUNVILLE

Whose marriage to the Hon. Francis Curzon, second son of the late Lord Scarsdale, will take place shortly. Mrs. Dunville is the elder daughter of Captain Christian and Lady Jane Seymour Combe, her mother being a daughter of the third Marquess Conyngham and an aunt to the present peer

by his own relations. When he fled to escape the law he took with him in hard cash the fortune of his nieces and nephews. On this he lived, a life even more isolated and separated from all his old associations than if he had been in prison, his only companion a woman of the people.

After thirteen years he died. His secret became known to the authorities because — after providing for the woman—he left a will making restitution of what remained of the fortune he had stolen.

What an existence! Never a word or a sign from the old life—fifteen years of deadly fear, practically of burial alive with nothing to hope for or think for except death. As the Scotland Yard man said when he ended this history, "The man gave himself a life sentence. If he had faced his trial he would have got seven years' penal servitude."

Pet Meannesses

WE all have a pet meanness. A very rich man I know can't bear to give anyone a wax match. But the oddest meanness I have ever heard of is that of another rich man. He insists on all the pins sent home in his shirts from the laundry being carefully placed in the pincushion in his dressing-room.

The Caledonian Ball

THE Caledonian Ball is to be held on May 29 at the Hotel Cecil, with the Duke and Duchess of Atholl once more as presidents. The King, the Prince of Wales as Duke of Rothesay in Scotland, the Duke of York as Earl of Inverness, Princess Mary and Princess Louise are the Royal patrons. Lady Cawdor is arranging the set reels. That is all the information to hand at present. Those of you who are Scottish or want any further information should apply to Lady Margaret MacRae at Feoirlinn, Colintraive, Argyll.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppe*

A COUSIN OF THE DUKE OF ABERCORN

Miss Brenda Hamilton, the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton, and a cousin of the Duke of Abercorn, whose marriage to the Count de Caraman-Chimay will be a wedding date of the season

A Treasure Beneath Piccadilly

WHEN the Burdett-Coutts treasures from Stratton Street are sold at Christie's in May there will be some spirited bidding for a wonderful Capodimonte dinner service, which is said to be unique outside the Royal collection in Italy.

One day the late Mr. Burdett-Coutts, in exploring the cellars at Stratton Street, found a large wooden box, elaborately corded, hidden away in a corner under a pile of straw bottle-cases and other rubbish. It was addressed to Sir Francis Burdett, the Baroness Burdett-Coutt's father, who died in 1844. When it was opened inside was found a complete Capodimonte dinner service. China experts called in were unable to determine its value, since nothing like it was known to exist. For nearly a hundred years it had lain far beneath the pavement of Piccadilly. There was no mention of the service in the Burdett-Coutts inventory, and the assumption was that Sir Francis Burdett bought the service at the factory of Capodimonte, just above Naples, during one of his visits to Italy, that it was packed up and sent to England by sea, delivered at Stratton Street, put into the cellar, and forgotten by Sir Francis and everybody else.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

THE TRAINER OF THE LINCOLN WINNER

Mr. H. L. Cottrill, who trained Mr. James White's Granely, winner of the first big handicap of the flat racing-season, which won at twenty to one, Donoghue up. Mr. Cottrill is a keen rider to hounds, and an amateur 'chaser of no mean accomplishment

A Great "Trouvaille"

IT was a great *trouvaille*, for Capodimonte china is extremely rare. A very learned judge used to chaff the Baroness Burdett-Coutts upon the "find" and tell her she ought to pay conscience money since the service had missed all death tolls.

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE

Mrs. Dudley Coats, née Miss Audrey James, whose marriage to Captain Dudley Coats took place last Saturday at the Brompton Oratory. Mrs. Dudley Coats is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. William James, of West Dean Park, Chichester

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH OFFICERS OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS

His Royal Highness at Delhi, photographed after luncheon in the midst of the Seaforth Highlanders, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief

The Riviera Week by Week by Dunce-Scotus

I ALMOST pray for the end of the season. Too much to do now, and most of it worth doing. Dancing easily first, golf second, and tennis third is this year's verdict, and the public enjoyed a vastly extended circle of these amusements at small cost and in luxury, thanks to the various splendidly appointed saloon-cars that have almost replaced trains and trams for local traffic between Menton and Cannes. Conversation, too, thanks to catering so comfortably for mountain excursions, has increased in interest, and people actually buy the best books now about the coast and its hinterland, its legends and countless memories of ruthless warfare from almost the birth of man. *The Riviera of the Corniche*, by Sir Frederick Treves, published by Cassell last year, perhaps "combines instruction with amusement" in the most pleasant style.

Photograph *E. Navetto*

THE HON. MR. AND MRS. S. R. BERESFORD

Walking to the courts for the recent lawn tennis tournament at Monte Carlo. Mr. Beresford, who is a son of the third Baron Decies, has had a distinguished career, both in the world of work and the world of sport. His second wife is the eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Graves Sawle

Photograph *E. Navello*

"BEAUTIFUL FACES" AND—

Very beautiful clothes, if we may borrow the phrase of a well-known song. Mrs. Porter (right) is seen with Miss Eve Barlow-Box smiling in the sun at Monte Carlo

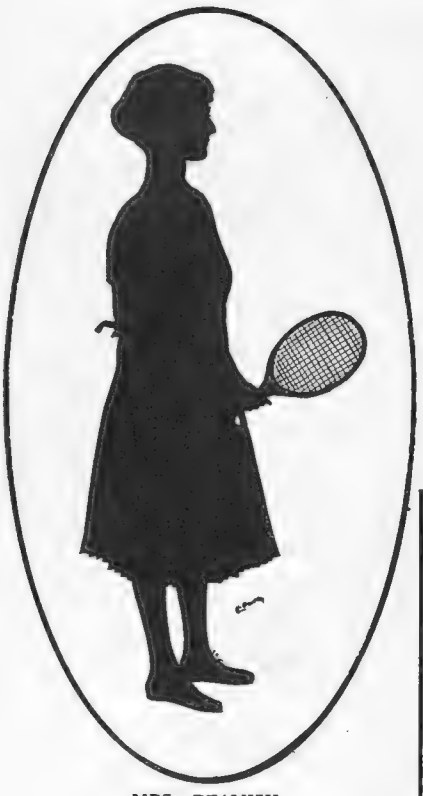
RECENTLY at Monte Carlo the ball for the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital, near Nice, was a notable success, and, as usual, was supported by the Duke of Connaught and his friends, who never spare themselves in the cause of charity. Captain and Mrs. Pringle gave a dancing tea in their Villa Esperance on the shore, one of the finest in Monte Carlo.

Photograph *E. Navello*

ON THE TERRACE

Sir John Baird and Lord Weir taking a morning stroll along the terrace at Monte Carlo

THE Hotel Imperial, gave a farewell dance tea to the hundred cadets from H.M.S. *Thunderer*, which they and their partners much enjoyed. They have two terms of six months before becoming Midshipmen, and have seen more than most men before their official career begins, as they have cruised the Midland sea from end to end, and also the stormy coasts of the hardy Norsemen, whence our Viking forefathers sailed to harry our



MRS. BEAMISH

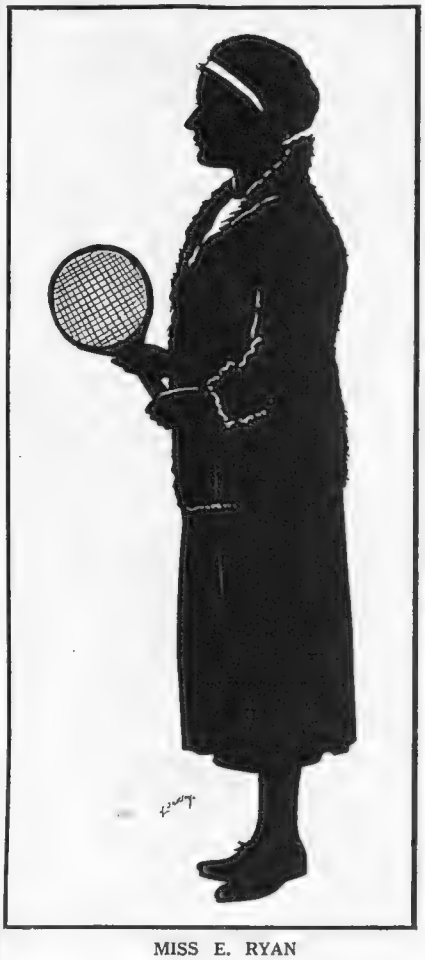
SCISSORED SILHOUETTES

BY H. L. OAKLEY

Three vivid likenesses of three of our foremost women lawn tennis players who are now on the Riviera, beating each other and in turn themselves being defeated. Miss Ryan, at Mentone, recently suffered her first reverse of the year in the Mixed Doubles

MRS. SATHERTHWAITE

shores in days of yore. These cadets grudged the hours spent in excursions, and wished they could have danced all day. How frank and gay they are, with good manners of the old school. Congratulations to Captain Colin Mackenzie, of the *Thunderer*, and his staff. Congratulations, also, on the dance they gave on board. A regular English ball for young people, in the Bay of Villefranche, it took place in ideal surroundings for the birth of romance and poetry. The cadets mostly ignored, I fancy, the moon and stars, but were obviously unconsciously in love with romance and all their pretty partners of the moment—quite a few in pigtails—



MISS E. RYAN

in the good, susceptible, old fashion of Lever's and Dumas' heroes. I never thought so many potential and perfectly fetching heroines could be collected on the Riviera. Some of the guests—many with parties from as far as Cannes—were the Duke of Connaught, Lady Hadfield, Lady Hay, Lady Lowther and her daughters, Lady Samuelson, Lady Coates, Admiral and Mrs. Niblack, the Mayor of Nice, Sir Sidney Greville, Lady Nunburnholme, Sir Laurence and Lady Philips, Mr. Ormiston, Sir Graham Montgomerie, Miss Doris Chapman, Hon. Florence Amherst, Lady Eva Wemyss, Captain and Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Macchetta d'Allegri, Lady Ward, etc.

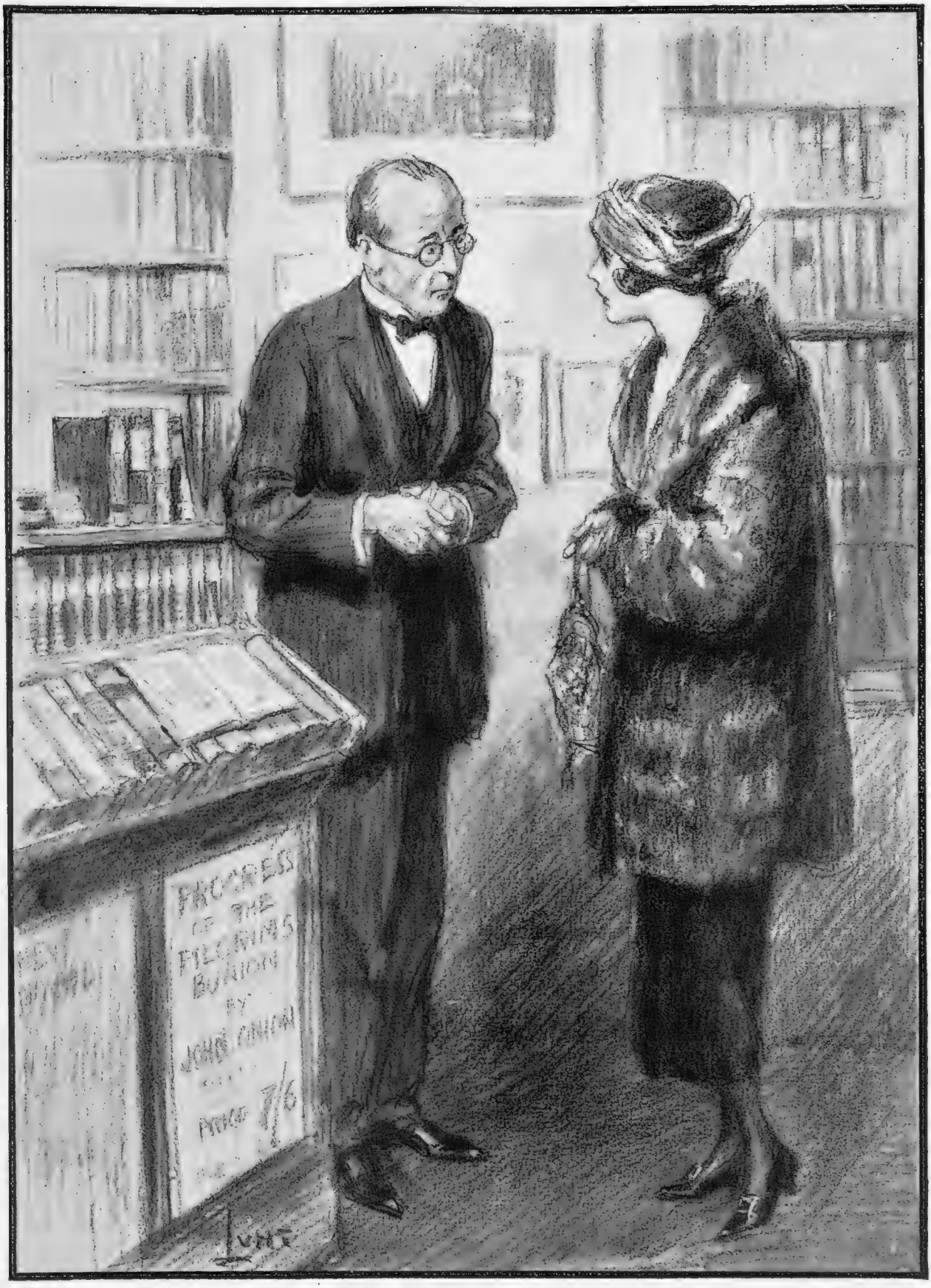
MR. GILCHRIST, at his charming Villa Magda, in the "Petite Afrique" of Beaulieu, with its oranges and lemons and rose pergolas, gave a musical at home to nearly two hundred friends on the Riviera. Unluckily for him, he wants to sell this choice villa, which has been rented by Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Lady Tredegar, Lord Londesborough, Lord Buchan, etc., in past seasons. Properties like this are valuable, and have very large possibilities of enhancement in value. Some villas round Monte Carlo have fetched sensational prices recently, and changed hands twice in the same year at a hundred per cent. profit.

AT Mr. and Mrs. Howard Copland's tea at their Villa Trentenario, at Monte Carlo recently were Sir George and Lady Colthurst, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Admiral Sir John Parry, Admiral Sir Reginald and Lady Bacon, Colonel Stevens, Mr. Hobart Hampden, Miss Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montagu Barstow, Mr. Wharton, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Lady St. John, Mrs. French and her son, Mrs. Lofthouse, Lady Walsingham, Vicomtesse de Garets, Mrs. Gilder, Baroness de Hardenbroek, Major Bryce, Mr. O'Hagan, Mr. and Mrs. Bamber, Brig.-General and Mrs. Weir, Mr. and Mrs. Bentzon, Dr. Manuel, Brig.-General Brewen, Lady Tennant, Mrs. Toogood, Colonel and Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Henry Whiting, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Chadwick, Captain Ernlé Chadwick, Mrs. Vivian, Dr. Thorneycroft, Mr. and Mrs. Gaythorne Hill, Mr. Gilchrist, the Hon. Victoria Trollope, Colonel Lanyon Owen, and several officers from H.M.S. *Thunderer*.

THE Shah of Persia has left Nice, the King of Sweden has arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre, as usual, on his annual holiday at Nice. Sir Arthur Balfour is at the Beau-Site at Cannes, and notabilities and royalties too numerous to mention have arrived with the cherry blooms on the Riviera.

THE motor meetings and the motor-boat races now coming off interest many. M. Camille Blanc has been a big winner lately at the Nice races, to console him for a more moderate season at the tables. The Girls' Athletic Olympia, started here last year, will assuredly be again the most popular of all the meetings, so admirably fostered here by the International Sporting Club. Mlle. Lenglen has at last started tournament play again at Nice, and carried all before her against weak opposition in the Mixed and Ladies' Doubles. D.-S.

Sic!



BY WILMOT LUNT

CUSTOMER: "I want a nice book for an invalid"
BOOKSELLER: "Something religious, madam?"
CUSTOMER: "Oh-er-no—he's convalescent"

An Old Soldier's Philosophy—"Liberty"

BY G. STUDDART-KENNEDY

T'OTHER night oi went to a meetin', orl on moi own, I did, an' there were a chap speakin', an' 'e could speak an' orl, I never 'eard anyfink loike it, it seemed to come out o' 'im same as good beer comes out of a jug, slick an' easy, wiv a good 'ead on it, but it's funny 'ow a clever chap loike that misses simple things, ain't it? 'E were on about the makin' o' this ere new England what the Great War ought t'ave made an' did not. It were a meetin' for men what 'ad been demobbed same as me, an' 'e started alright by sayin' we was 'eroes an' pattin' us on the back an' tellin' us we'd performed miracles, so, o' course, I said 'ear, 'ear, an' then 'e said, "Boys, look what yer 'ave done, look what Old England did, look how we marched shoulder to shoulder an' side by side wi' no classes an' no clicks, an' no parties, marched as one great army with one purpose an' one mind, a moighty 'ost with a million 'earts what beat as one." Oi remembers that bit, it fair took my fancy. There was no grumblin' an' no grousin' then, 'e said; Oi wish 'e could 'ave 'eard Bill Clark when 'e upset that there dixie goin' down Neverending Lane, near 'Ekerture, 'e would 'ave know'd somethin' 'bout grousin' then, wouldn't 'e? But I'm int'ruptin' myself; there was no grousin' an' no grumblin' then, 'e said, the spirit o' the troops was splendid, an' look 'ow the women worked, 'e said, they was as good as the men an' went one better, an' that's 'ow we won, 'cos we was united, 'cos there wern't no parties an' there wern't no classes, that's what we done in the past, 'e said, an' why can't we do it in the future?

We won the war 'cos we stood side by side an' fought as one nation, why can't we win the Peace same way? 'e said. Why can't we stick together an' shame the devil? Well, it were a good speech, yer know, an' us fellers we cheered 'im loike billy'o, but it's funny 'ow 'e missed a simple thing that makes orl the diff'rence. 'E wants to know why we marched side by side and shoulder-to shoulder—and orl the rest of it. Well, I knows—we bloomin' well couldn't 'elp ourselves, we 'ad to: it was just as bad one road as it were t'other. If you went for'ard Jerry shot you, if yer went back'ards road someone else shot you, an' there you were, twixt the devil an' the deep sea. The fact o' the matter is, there ain't no freedom in the Army. The Army says to a bloke do it, an' if yer don't oi'll shoot you. Well, nat'rally a bloke does it under those circumstances, any feller would, but when yer comes 'ome an' stops bein' a soljer an' starts bein' a man agen' that sort o' touch won't do. A feller wants to do as 'e loikes, to say what 'e loikes, to think what 'e loikes, and drink what 'e loikes an' when 'e loikes, an' where 'e loikes, an' in pertickler as much as 'e loikes. 'E believes in the liberty o' the subject, an' no bloomin interference from nobody, an', 'o course, oi'm all with 'im, but it makes a difference, it's one thing lookin' arter a lot o' blokes when everyone does as 'e loikes an' another thing lookin' arter the same lot when everyone got to do exactly what you loikes. A Gen'ral don't need to talk, 'e don't need no palaver nor electioneering speeches, 'e don't 'ave to get 'is wife to nurse babies to get votes to keep 'im in 'is job, 'e just signs a chit an' says "Take that ther' village," an' if the battalion tries to take it an' gets orl blowed to bits, well, 'e fetches up a blinkin' Army Corps an' takes it, an' no one can say 'im nay, an' there ain't no doubt 'bout it, that way o' doin' things gets things done, an' gets 'em done quick, but then what becomes o' liberty? It ain't in the picture.

That's 'ow it is, what 'olds the Army together in time o' war is discipline. Oi don't like it, oi ain't sayin' as oi do, oi 'ates it. If there is anyfink in this world oi 'ates its bein' 'umbugged around. Many's the time oi've swore that when oi got 'ome oi would not drink a spot o' beer until oi 'd done our sergeant-major in, but the Bosch did that instead o' me, poor feller, I 'spect 'es makin' 'em form fours and quick march. Pick 'em up there—can't you?—into the furnaces below now. I 'opes 'e likes 'is job. I don't wish 'im no 'arm. Oi 'ates discipline, but, mind yer, without it we would never 'ave 'eld together. Sergeant-majors was a blinkin' nuisance, but they was a necessary nuisance.

Now the point is, who's goin' to take the sergeant-major's job in time o' Peace? Who's goin' to give the orders an' see as they are obeyed? Seems to me as 'ow every bloke 'as got to be 'is own sergeant-major, an' 'is own colonel, brigadier, an' major-gen'ral all rolled in one; 'e 'as got to give 'imself orders an' see as 'e obeys 'em, an' it takes some feller to do that, I tell yer, but if there's one thing certain it is that we can't stick together an' can't weather this 'ere storm with food an' things at umpteen pence a pound, an' baccy still up too, if everyone just does as they loikes an' don't get no orders from no one. It's alright grumblin' at the politicians, but oi would not loike their job. Oi didn't mind lookin' arter a squad o' fellers, 'cos oi knowed as they 'ad got to do as they was told, but fancy lookin' arter 45 million men and women—and *women*, mind you—when they orl wants to do as they loikes. That's the rummy part o' this ere democracy business what we fought to make the world safe for. Mind you, oi'm orl for democracy, but what oi want ter know is What about discipline? Without discipline the Army would not 'ave been an Army, it would 'ave been a bloomin' mob, an' for what oi can see, without discipline a nation isn't goin' to be a nation; it's goin' to be a mess-up.

The thing is, who's goin' to be the Peacetime sergeant-major?

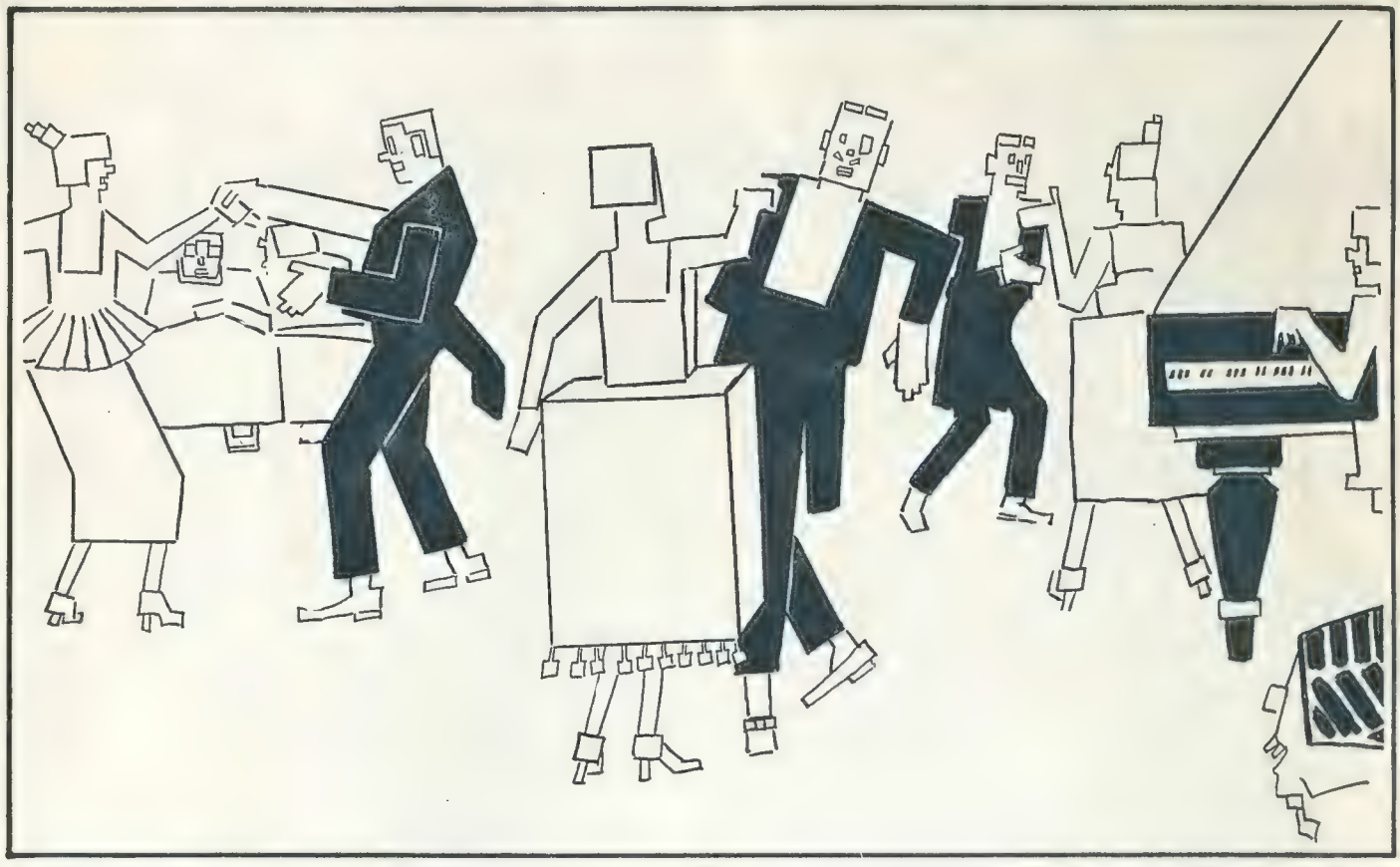
A Government Department

THAT MIGHT BE DISPENSED WITH

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

HOW THE WOOL SACK IS FILLED

Notes at the Government Wool Farm



THE OLD-FASHIONED SQUARE DANCE

Little Changes Seen in London

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

"*En effet* some of them are enough big since that we are last here, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Please not to mention that, Roland, or the Editor shall require me to make the large *croquis*, and *après tout* it is the holiday, you know, and one wants not to make the much work."

"Now look here, *mon cher* Marcel, you shall please to remember that while for your opinions is held the most highest regard, they cannot be accepted with the conditions attached. You have right to recall that this is the holiday in London, but you have wrong to forget that we shall have to make the work to pay back the fare to Paris."

"*Mais oui, je comprend c'est bien serieux, Roland, cette question de retour:* it was the danger not to buy the tickets of return before to have spent all the funds."

"Well, there you are, you must make the extra large *croquis* and then you shall get enough money to be able to lend to me my fare. So no time to argue, *mon cher*. Let us retrace our conversation to those little changes we were on the fringe to discuss when your habits of laziness have welled to the outburst."

"I think you have said that they are the big changes, Roland?"

"I have; but I like not at all that note of reproach, Marcel. There must be the *sympathie entière* between the pen and the pencil, or the work shall not be accepted and we shall be on the strands."

"But you deceive yourself, *mon grand:* it is not the reproach at you that has made the sombre note in my voice. It is the far other regret. Have you not the fear in the consequence of these changes? Have we not both agreed that London appears to have become a much more naughty place?"

"She has danced right over our heads".

"*D'accord, mon petit*, but what have we to reproach ourselves with about that?"

"Well, if London is enough naughty, think you that she shall have any more need of Paris in this direction?"

"*J'y suis*, Marcel. You have the fear that there shall not be any more

HAS BEEN ALMOST SUPERSEDED BY THE ROUND DANCE

By Laurie Tayler

the need of the *nouvelles piquantes* from Paris, if London shall adopt the habits of our own Montmartre. We shall, *bien entendu*, need to keep the close observation on the such developments. If necessary we shall have to apply for the aid of the Committees of the Watch to suppress them. We cannot unresistingly permit the stealing of our thunder in such base manner, *mon cher. Mais voyons un peu.* Is it not that we have a handsome margin still? Take this *Rockets* revue that we are engaged to study at this moment. We have been a little startled at the first vision of the lightly swathed chorus. We have thought to see again the barelegged battalions of the Folies-Bergère, the Ba-Ta-Clan, or the Casino de Paris. And we have been alarmed to find such frankness in the modest London. Not that we, who are accustomed to the beauty unconcealed, could be shocked about it, *mon petit.* But that we have been surprised to find it transplanted with such heartiness. And then we have had the explanations. When the ladies have pranced across the little gangway above the auditorium we have found that they have deceived us, for they have worn the tights. All except one. And we have had the disappointments, *n'est-ce pas?* We have thought that if 'twere well it should be done, 'twere well it be done boldly. (And I hope, *mon cher Marcel*, that your natural politeness shall prevent your exercise of a greater knowledge of M. Shakespeare, to say that I have gone wrong somewhere in that remark.)."

"Compete with the—

"But the one who has not worn the tights, Roland. That has been new to us completely. She has danced right above our heads in the stalls as boldly as if she had been our own Spinelly. *Entendu* that she has called herself Mlle. Albion, as if to pretend that she is French; but I have thought from the visible signs that she is really English."

"Well, you have made a long study of the 'visible signs,' *mon petit*, and I concede to you the right to pronounce upon whether they are French or English. *Mais quel import.* One rose does not make a bouquet, *tu sais*, and one pair of undisguised *jambes anglaises* is *bien loin* from the proudly proclaimed perfections of the Folies-Bergère."

"*C'est vrai.* There is a margin for consideration between us. But we are agreed that London has made a *grand pas* since that last we have been here. They are well advanced on the Paris road. If they shall move so quickly in the interval before we come again we shall find that next year they have

—graceful lines of the Parisienne"

"The lady smoking in the pit"

caught us up, and the Folies-Bergère will have nothing to show that London has not already seen."

"That is enough sound, Marcel. There has seemed a readiness to accept all that is offered. And Mlle. Albion has seemed much more popular than the *demoiselles* with the tights. There is, perhaps, a disposition against the pretences. But after all, *mon petit*, we have not yet the need to be depressed. We do these things better in France. They shall have to cultivate the *jambes fines*. Those of the footballer girls cannot at all compete with the graceful lines of the Parisienne. It is not possible to kick your way to the hearts of the admirers by the force."

"*Dit donc, Roland, regarde!* Forget a moment this delicate question of the uncovered spaces and look at the lady smoking in the pit. *Par la*, the wife of the retired butcher with the cheeks like the uncooked *gigot de mouton*. Is it that you have ever seen such a thing in France, a lady of that type to smoke in public? *C'est épouvantable!*"

"*Le mot juste, mon cher—'épouvantable.'* One has not ever seen much a rage to smoke among the women of Paris as we have had forced upon our notice in London. That lady has clearly come from Hackney, and perhaps knows not better than to imitate what she has seen. One feels that she would be the more suited to her face by a pipe. But she is only a copyist. Look at the dainty lady in the box there, who appears to have come in from her place in the county. She has not ceased to light the cigarettes from the commencement. And yet she seems not to know how to smoke; she just puffs out the jets into the air. It is quaint, this craze for the cigarettes in public. It seems as if they feel to be very "advanced" to do this. They know not, of course, that it is only the women of a certain class who would smoke in public in France, where the *hardiesse* feminine is understood to be the greatest in the world. They cannot wish to pretend to belong to that class. A little travel would open their eyes to the impression they create upon the strangers."

"Cuddling in Hyde Park"

"You are full of the excuses for them, *mon grand*. But you have to admit that the women of London have changed very much since that last we have made the visit. Remember how we have been startled by the audacious cuddling in the Hyde Park. And consider the way women have looked calculatingly at *us*—just as avowedly as if they should have been Parisiennes, whereas formerly they used to steal a side glance when they thought we have not been looking."

"This time you have got under the armour, *mon petit*. One could say something about the other matters, but that one is out of our reach. But has it not been rather nice for us, *mon vieux*, to be thought worth an extra regard. Let us flatter ourselves that it has been personal and that we have 'improved' since that we have been in London last."

"*Ça va*, Roland, I see what it is. You have the wish to marry *une anglaise*." ROLAND

Photograph *Lafayette*

MLLE. DE LA PANOUSE

A charming new portrait of the daughter of General Vicomte de la Panouse, who is Military Attaché at the French Embassy in London

Vale India!

Photograph THE END OF THE TOUR *Central News*

His Royal Highness left India for Japan midst feelings of regret not unmingled with relief, for the unrest which has stalked through the land during the past years has taken strange shapes and stirred much passionate feeling. In Japan the Prince is assured of a reception to be vied with only by our own

What of the Davis Cup?

THE DRAW ANALYSED

IN further proof of the world-wide vogue of lawn tennis, this year's entry for the Davis Cup competition has beaten the record of last year, when the list comprised twelve nations, not counting America, the holders. This year the total is fourteen. Of last year's twelve only one, Argentina, has dropped out, and the remaining eleven are reinforced by three new-comers, Roumania, Italy, and Hawaii. Strictly speaking Australia is a new-comer, too. Formerly New Zealand and Australia formed one nation, but they have now dissolved partnership, and Australasia, as far as the Davis Cup is concerned, consequently disappears; but since Australia has always been—more especially since the War—the predominant partner, the change only amounts in effect to a change of name. Incidentally it may be noted that New Zealand is not celebrating her newly-acquired autonomy by putting on a team.

The Probable Survivors

THE British Isles have got the bye in the lower half of the draw. But in the second round we meet the winners of Japan *v.* Italy who, assuming that Shimidzu and Kumagae are again available, will almost certainly be Japan. So that we are "up against it" at the very start. Japan, it will be recalled, distinguished herself last year on her first appearance in the contest by going through to the final where she beat Australasia, and so won the right to challenge America—unsuccessfully as it turned out. Indeed, as far as the two places in the final are concerned it looks as if last year's history will virtually repeat itself, for Australia is in the upper half of the draw and so cannot meet Japan until the end.

Australia's Hand of Trumps

THAT Australia will go to the final is about as certain as anything on this earth can be. Even if it be true that Norman Brookes has played his last Davis Cup match, she will be very strongly represented—more strongly, in fact, than she was last year. Gerald Patterson, who won the Championship in 1919 at Wimbledon, has quite regained the form and confidence which he seemed to have lost in 1920. He has been carrying all before him in Australia, and according to all accounts is now a most finished, as well as a most forceful, player, combining the *finesse* of the foil with the weight of the bludgeon. With him will be Pat O'Hara Wood, winner, with R. V. Thomas, of the Doubles Championship at Wimbledon in 1919, J. O. Anderson and J. B. Hawkes who were Australasia's mainstays in the Davis Cup last year. Of their rivals in the upper half of the draw, which is undoubtedly the easier one of the two, France is the most dangerous.

The Hard Half of the Draw

IN the lower half the strength of the competitors is, in the aggregate, greater, and the fight will be a tough one. In the first round Spain, All-India, and Japan should prevail against the Philippines, Roumania, and Italy respectively. A bookmaker would probably be prepared to lay something more than a shade of odds against any of the three last-named. But when we come to the second round it will be extremely interesting to see whether the fire and *élan* of Spain, whose champion, M. Alonso, has no equal in the world for sheer brilliance, coupled with extreme gracefulness of style, can break through the stone-wall defences of All-India which Messrs. Sleem, Jacob, and Fyzee have made famous.

England's Off Chance

NOR is Japan's defeat of the British Isles by any means a foregone conclusion, though the book points to Japan, on last year's form, as the winner. I have high hopes of Maxwell Woosnam, who captained our men in America last year, and will, I trust, captain them again. The experience which he gained over there was just the one thing he needed, and in the course of his stay—not, unfortunately, as long a one as it might have been—he put something like fifteen on to his game. It is true that he plays football in the winter, but that is no drawback for a born player of games, and it serves to keep him very fit. Another player who should be of inestimable value to us, if his services are available, is the Hon. Cecil Campbell; whilst Major Kingscote (likewise if he can spare the time) is quite capable of reproducing the form which made him Tilden's most dangerous opponent at Wimbledon in 1920. Last year he was compelled, owing to his military duties, to stand down from the side, and for the same reason was below his best. Here we have with R. Lycett a strong team. On the other hand, unless we can count on at least two out of these four, I am afraid that our first outing will also be our last. In any event, I hope that our selectors will pick their men with an eye to the more remote, as well as to the immediate future, and will not persevere with men whose efficiency is bound, in the nature of things, to diminish rather than to increase. To sum up, I regard Japan as Australia's most likely opponent in the final; if she gets there (having beaten All-India or Spain as well as ourselves) I think that Autralia will reverse last year's result and win the right to challenge America. And America will be the stiffest fence of all. H. S. S.

By Hart Harvey

EDYTHE: "Why don't you like Mr. Brown, mother? He is the son of a Merchant Prince!"

MOTHER: "But when does he come into the title?"

A Book on Badminton

How to Play Badminton, by the veteran expert, J. H. C. Prior, is the latest addition to Spalding's athletic library. A clear and concise way of expressing himself enables the author to give his readers the full benefit of his complete knowledge of the subject, and the book at the price of 1s. is to be commended to all students of the game. Its publishers are the British Sports' Publishing Company, Deodar Road, Putney.

Vested Interests

BY STAN TERRY

MEDIUM: "I am in touch with your late wife. Do you wish to communicate with her?"
CLIENT: "No—er—but you might ask her where she put my summer vests!"

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE

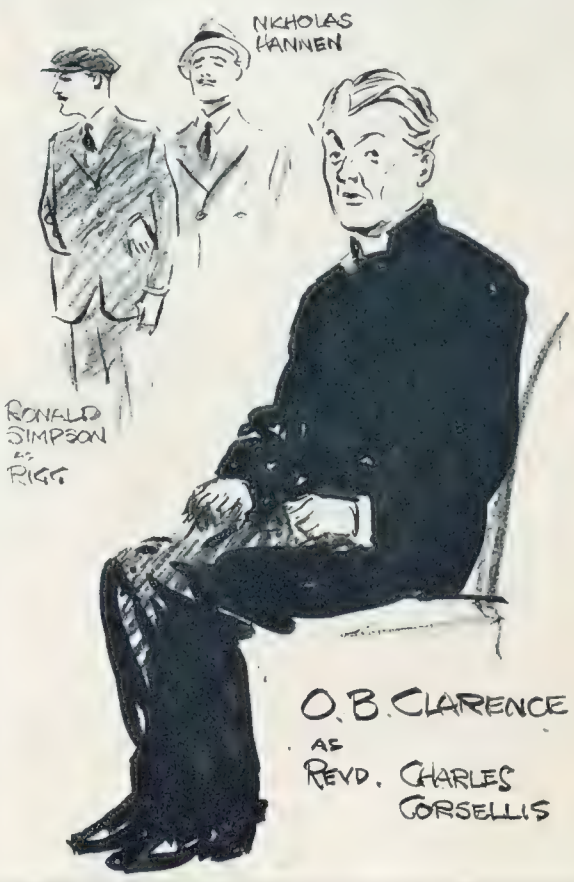
At the Duke of York's Theatre

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

IT is an old and exquisite truth that those we love are beautiful—to us. By a happy decree of nature, every young mother knows that her baby is the prettiest in the world, even if the kid should run to a snub nose and faded ginger hair. After all, for most of us facts are not things as they are, but as we believe them to be. And we have now the encouraging voice of Monsieur Coué to assure us that when things are ill with us we have only to go on bluffing ourselves that they are well, and well they will be. Sir Arthur Pinero has blended the ancient and modern versions of this happy delusion into what he calls a "Fable," though it is really a fairy tale which he tells us with a simple charm that is agreeably reminiscent of the delightful Hans Andersen.

WE have first of all Oliver Bashforth, who was formerly a soldier, and would, therefore, appear to have been rather aptly named. In the Great War, Oliver got it very literally, as he puts it, in the neck. This has knocked him out of shape a little, and has also undermined his nervous system. He lives for choice alone in a country cottage, with only an elderly widow to attend to his wants. Visitors irritate him, and his mother's plans for supplying him with young and cheerful society, as the boarding-houses put it, exasperate him to the point of madness. Mr. Owen Nares plays this wreck of a man with extraordinary power, and his realistic acting of the part is at times almost painful to witness.

THE Major's humour is infectious, and Oliver is soon more sociable. It happened that morning that the Major's man was down with influenza, but Miss Laura Pennington, a young lady famous in the village rather for her good works than her good looks, kindly steers the Major as far as Oliver's cottage. In her absence the two men discuss the homely Laura, the Major saying that, being blind, he does not know whether she is beautiful or not; while Oliver hastens to beg that he will have no illusions on that subject, as the dear girl is as plain as the nose on her face, or something of that sort. As soon as the Major has gone, Laura's homeliness puts an idea into Oliver's head. He is too badly "crocked" to have the right to hope that any pretty girl will marry him; but a plain old thing like Laura ought to jump at him. With an amazing tactlessness he puts the case to Laura almost in so many words; and she is, naturally, a little hurt. But he promptly apologises, and puts his



And when Major Hillgrove calls on one of Oliver's "bad days," the young man is positively rude to his guest. But the Major laughs the rudeness away. All that he lost in the War was his sight, and we have been taught in these days that it is wrong to get depressed over a little thing like that.

JEAN CADELL AS MRS MINNETT

awkward candour down to his nerves, and Laura readily forgives him, realising, no doubt, that if a man speaks the truth of his own accord there must be something the matter with him, anyway.

WHEN the second act opens Laura and Oliver have been married about a month. It seems to them that some miracle has happened to them. We see Laura as Oliver sees her, a beautiful creature of wondrous grace and charm, while Oliver, as Laura sees him, is a fine, well-set-up young man of great personal attractiveness. And Laura, having been assured by the one whose opinion she values most, that she is surpassingly beautiful, believes that she has become so, and is, not unnaturally, anxious to score off the other girls who are plainer than herself. She tells Oliver that now that she has become beautiful she wants to have another wedding, quite unlike the furtive ceremony at the village church that made her and Oliver man and wife. She would like to be married in a cathedral, in a bridal gown of rare beauty, and attended by ever so many lovely bridesmaids. With these idle thoughts in her head Laura goes upstairs to bed. We are not given to understand that she has supped on anything refractory like lobster salad or pork-pie, but that night she has a really wonderful dream that is duly represented to us.

IMPS and witches spring on the stage in the semi-darkness, and there is much mysterious movement, until at last Laura appears in a dazzling ray of limelight, robed in a superb bridal grown, the train of which is held up by the prettiest little bridesmaids imaginable. And while she is waiting for her bridegroom she asks of everyone who greets her, "Am I not beautiful?" The answer, of course, is, as they say in another place, in the affirmative. The part is played by Miss Laura Cowie, who, by a miracle of make-up, does succeed in imparting to herself a certain plainness of feature in the first act; but, here, where she is just herself, Miss Cowie is giving away no change to anybody. And her wonderful bridal gown merely paints the lily and adorns the rose. I am not able to see, however, that the "imps"

(Continued on page 732)

LAURA COWIE AND OWEN NARES

"HELLO, S

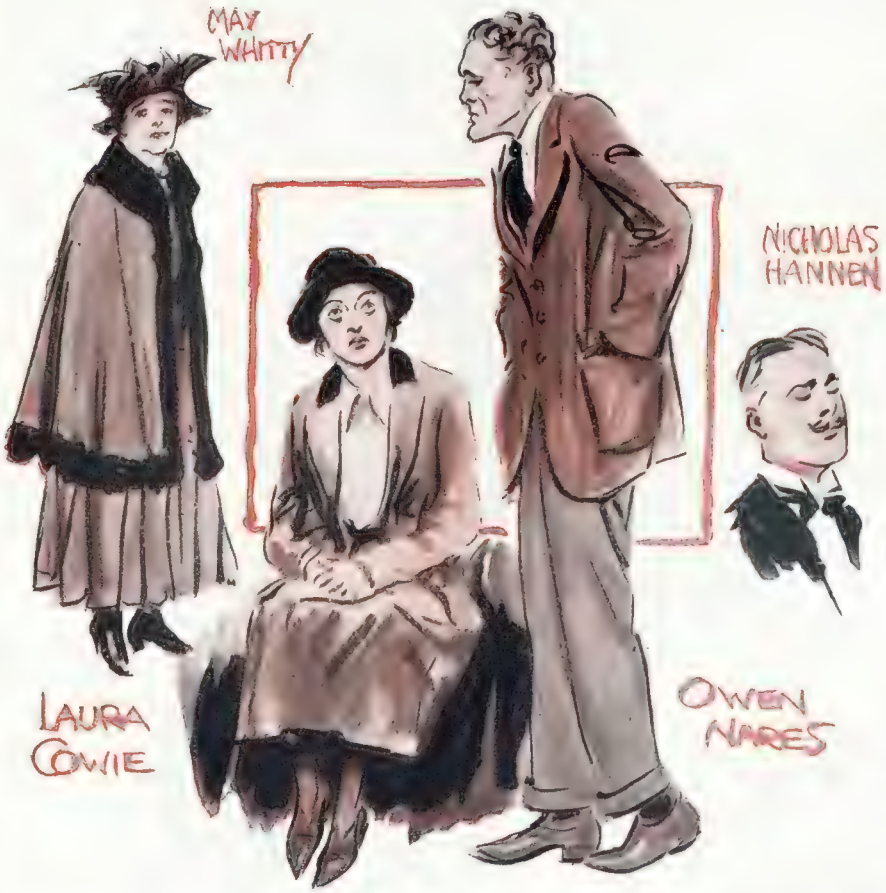
Spring will burst into full bloom in our next issue, wh

SPRING!"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

which is by way of being a Special Spring Number

and "cherubs" make the alleged enchantment more convincing, or that the three witches, borrowed for the occasion from the blasted heath (Shakespeare), are at all necessary to the development of the story. Sir Arthur Pinero, with the aid of Mr. Nares and Miss Cowie, has made the illusion perfect for us, and the extraneous aid of the obviously supernatural, acts, I think, rather as a diluent in the completeness of the presentation of the theme.



The dream concludes with a *tableau* which is hardly defensible from the standpoint of so great an artist as Sir Arthur Pinero. The back of the stage is brilliantly illuminated to show the happy couple in bed together, while Laura is having her very remarkable dream. You could almost hear the maiden ladies gulping down the lumps in their throats as they gazed upon the lovely scene; but the picture suggested to me rather the action of the potter who, having turned upon his wheel a comely vessel, breaks it to show you the clay of which it is made.

In the third act Oliver and Laura take the blind Major Hillgrove into their confidence. He cannot see how beautiful they have become, but he readily believes that a miracle of some sort has happened because there is a new beauty in their voices and a new music in their laughter. The Major, therefore, allows himself to be persuaded to break the news to Oliver's mother and step-father, who are due to arrive on the instant. He will prepare them for the discovery that Oliver did not wed a plain girl after all, but a maiden of rare and refreshing beauty. And, of course, to prosaic matter-of-fact people, with seeing eyes, the illusion does not exist. Mr. Nicholas Hannen as the blind Major is admirable; while the comic element is supplied by Miss Winifred Emery as Oliver's mother and Mr. Norman Forbes as the egregious step-father. Mr. O. B. Clarence is delightfully humorous as a country parson (why are parsons always made ridiculous on the stage?), and Miss May Whitty does all that is possible with the delicate part of the parson's wife who is "expecting" again. *The Enchanted Cottage* is a dainty story charmingly told and beautifully presented.

JINGLE

By E. L. Hiscocks

AN IMPRESSION OF RAG-TIME

A sketch of the New York Havana Band as they play each day at the Coliseum, where they are being presented by Mr. Barry Rayne and Mr. W. de Morny. Many will recognise them as the band to which they have danced at charity dances and at a well-known hotel in the Strand

A Mountain Maid

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MABEL SEALBY

It would seem evident from this charming study of that attractive and versatile actress, Miss Mabel Sealby, who is taking a leading part in the evergreen "Maid of the Mountains," which is now on tour, that she is a star who really scintillates!

HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Closing Days

ALREADY that fateful notice "to finish the season" is being issued by many Hunts. Sport is not likely to be prolonged far into April except in those moorland and woodland countries where farmers have no objection to the presence of hounds in early spring time. Here and there an endeavour will be made to kill a May fox, but after Easter hunting interest will be mainly centred in the New Forest, excepting for those who go out with the otter-hounds. Spring staghunting on Exmoor begins on April 3 and lasts for three weeks. The point-to-point season is proving very successful, and Committees are grateful for the new concession by which they are able to set aside an enclosure for motor-cars and other vehicles at a reasonable charge. This serves the good purpose of keeping at least one corner of the course free from the riff-raff and undesirables who become a pest at some of the meetings. It also enables the Point-to-Point Committees to make a bit towards paying for the outgoings which are inevitable.

Women M.F.H.'s

MRS. FERNIE took rather a nasty fall while out with the Cottesmore recently, being jumped on and badly shaken, but she has been luckier than her partner in Mastership, Mrs. Walter Faber, whose activities were sharply interrupted by an accident midway through the season. Both these sportswomen continue in office next winter. Indeed, I have not heard that any of the lady M.F.H.'s will retire, which may presumably be taken as a sure indication that they have enjoyed their responsible duties, and have given satisfaction in office to subscribers.

Photographs

SOME PERSONALITIES—

The Annual Hunt Ball after the first day of the Cheltenham Steeplechases was a great success, attended by many hundred people. From left to right (back row): Mr. G. P. Crane, Mr. A. C. C. Willway, Mr. Arnold Crane, Mr. Stanley Tubbs, Mr. P. Adams. Second row: Miss Crane, Miss Frances Crane, Mrs. Arnold Crane, Mrs. Stanley Tubbs, Mrs H. S. B. Tubbs. On the floor: Mr. Keith Jackson, Mr. H. S. B. Tubbs

L. S. D.

IN many hunting countries the financial shoe still pinches tightly, and money has been the chief topic of discussion at recent hunt meetings. In the South Berks country it has become necessary to buy a dozen couples of hounds—and hounds cost money in these days! Fortunately for the Hunt Mr. Guy Hargreaves has consented to go on with the Mastership for another season, but he has made it plain to his followers that it is imperative that the financial position should be strengthened. In North Northumberland, on the other hand, we have the agreeable picture of the Hunt Committee voluntarily arranging for a subscription so as to lighten the burden of Colonel Hugh Joicey, who for two seasons past has shouldered the expenses of the Hunt. During that time, Colonel Joicey remarked a week or two ago, he had received the greatest help from everybody in the country, and his requests that wire should be taken down and jumps put up have never been refused.

Side Saddle Success

RACES for lady members are a feature of a few modern point-to-point fixtures, and they occasionally form a means of comparing the respective merits of side-saddle and astride riding. This was, at any rate, the case at the recent Kildare meeting at Naas, where the side-saddle performers showed superiority over those who rode a-straddle. At a sort of scrimmage which ensued at one of the fences the side-saddle seemed

Photograph *Sport and General*

MEMBERS OF THE ESSEX AT THE ANNUAL HUNT MEETING

Some members of the Essex pack congregated at a recent meet outside "The King William" at Leaden Roding, prior to the Annual General Hunt Meeting

AT THE CHELTENHAM—

Four more dancers: Mr. Alan Wood, Mrs. Frazer, Miss Elsie Wood, Major W. P. B. Frazer, D.S.O.

Sport and General

NATIONAL HUNT BALL

Very good sport was seen over the sticks at the Cheltenham meeting, and as good on the dancing floor at the evening's ball. From left to right (back row): Captain L. Lloyd, Lieut.-Col. M. Lindsay, Mr. R. E. Prichard. In front: Miss Lindsay, Miss Curtis, Mrs. Prichard

Photograph *W. Dennis Moss*

A FAMILY TRIO

Very few hunts can boast of having three regular runners with their pack (perhaps not always desirable), but the V. W. H. (Cricklade) Hunt can boast of rather a unique trio. The man in the centre, "Jack" Hobbs, is 70 years old, and the oldest runner in England; on his right is his son "Tom" and the one on the left his son-in-law (R. Hinder), who has been with the hounds 25 years

to offer the more secure seat. Mrs. Blacker, who bears one of the best-known hunting names in Kildare, proved easily successful, Miss Wolfe on Pipperkevin being rather unlucky in not making a closer finish of it.

Foxhounds Now

AN illustration of the Ashford Valley pack recently appeared in these pages, and the query arose as to whether they should be described as foxhounds or harriers. We compromised by referring to them as the Ashford Valley Hounds. The difficulty was that though the pack frequently hunted foxes, they were technically on the harrier list. In future, however, there will be no trouble in this respect, for the Master of the Ashford Valley has received the necessary permission from the Tickham Hunt to describe this pack as foxhounds. It has been stipulated that he shall not draw north of the Ashford—Maidstone road or west of the Ashford—Canterbury road. Thus we shall have two additions to make to our list of foxhounds next autumn, the other being Major Harold Pearson's pack in the old Goodwood country.

Milton Masters

THEY are fortunate in the Milton country to have got such a keen new Master-huntsman as Mr. J. Pickersgill in succession to Mr. Stanley Brotherhood. He has done very well in County Galway all through the troublous times, and the experience he has gained with the "Blazers" will stand him in good stead in his new country. Mr. George Fitzwilliam, whom he joins in the Mastership, has kept the famous Milton pack going for many years, and it is still one of the best in the kingdom. The Fitzwilliams have always been among the staunchest supporters of fox-hunting, and it has been estimated that various members of the family have expended something like £100,000 in their efforts to show sport in the Milton country. A. W. C.

SPRING—is always a doubtful quantity in England, but there is nothing doubtful about either the quantity or the quality of *The Bystander Spring Number*, which will appear on Tuesday next.

"EGGSPERTNESS"

["*The seller said he called the eggs newlaid because they were for boiling, and were not 'using' eggs.*"—DAILY PAPER.]

A GROCER needs a lot of tact
To keep his patrons pacified,
But he is aided by the fact
That eggs are neatly classified.

The "curate's egg" has ever been
A source of mild hilarity,
While "Irish" eggs maintain a mien
Of gross familiarity.

The "egg de Chine" is famous for
A well-preserved longevity,
But politicians all abhor
The egg suggesting brevity.

"Fresh," "newlaid," "cooking," these we know,
And now is added "using" eggs,
Which jib at being boiled, and so
Are probably amusing eggs.

Their prices may produce a chill
(They're gradually wrecking us!),
But "heggs is heggs" . . . that is, until
They take to slyly pecking us!

—E. L. ROBERTS

By RADCLIFFE WILSON

A REAL TREAT

BROWN: "Hullo, Mac, you must have another drink with me!"
MAC: "Na, na, but ye can pay for this ane if ye like!"

By G. S. DIXON

OBVIOUSLY!

"I shouldn't like to be up there with that thing, George"
"Well—I shouldn't like to be up there without it"

GOOD TASTE!

["*The girl of 1922 has a more attractive neck than any of her predecessors.*"—DAILY PAPER.]

THE girl of 1922
Will not come off so badly—
Her neck's a thing to make men sing,
And offer tribute gladly.

No ancestress could boast a neck
So swan-like or come-hitherish,
So apt to make the fond heart quake
And feel a trifle ditherish.

A marble column rising from
A fascinating torso,
In grief and pain men seek to gain
The freehold of the morceau.

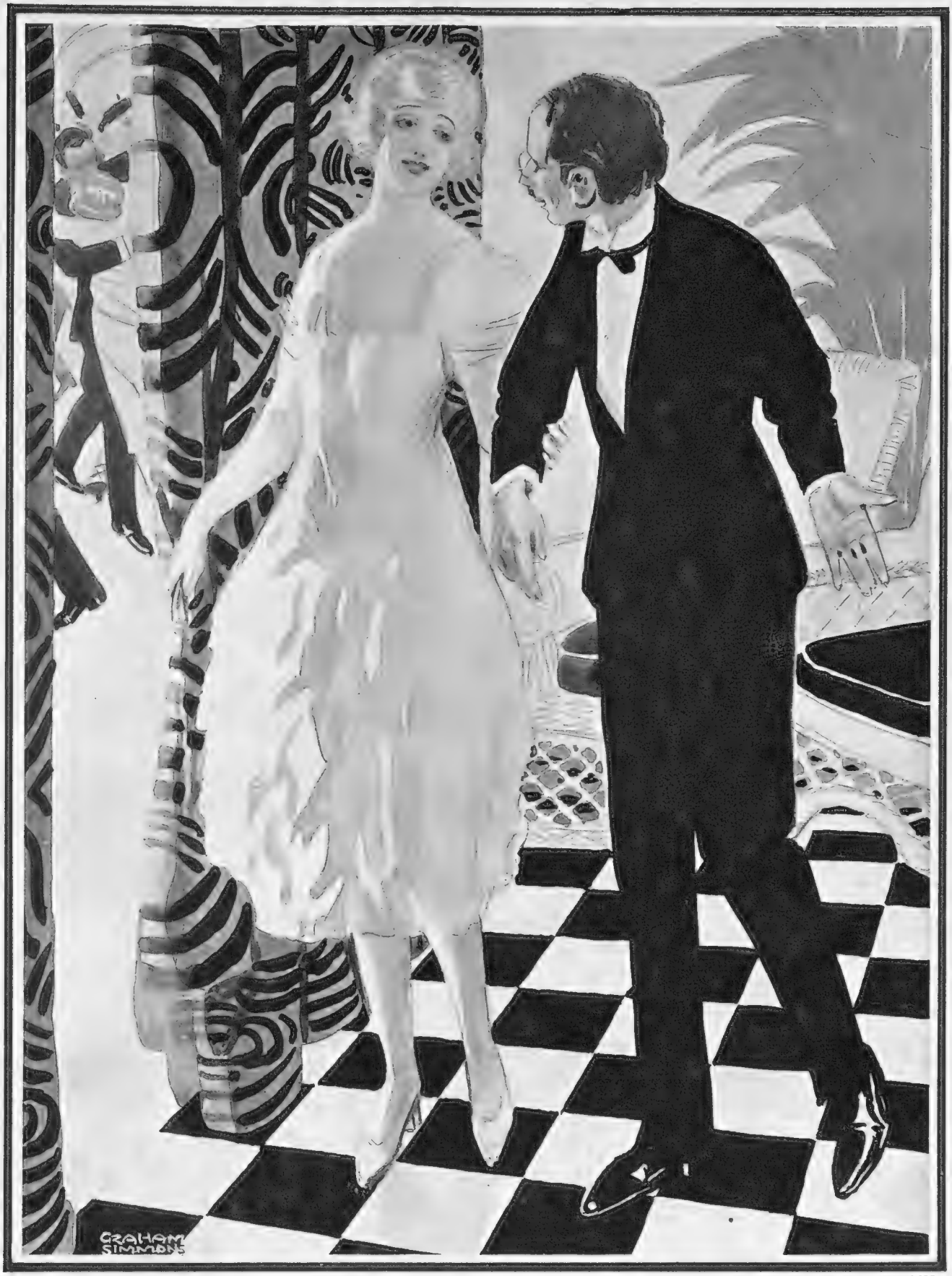
To ecstasy it moves the swains
Who cast their eyes upon it;
While bards repine, and then enshrine
Their raptures in a sonnet.

The members of the Great Unwashed,
The Peerage, and the Gentry,
Who say: "By Heck! She HAS a neck!"
Are simply compliment'ry.

But I am proof against the craze
Because (my taste's appalling!)
Though necks may be *le dernier cri* . . .
I find her CHEEK enthralling!

—E. L. R.

Respite!



BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

HE: "Would you like to sit it out and talk?"
SHE: "I'm so tired—let's dance!"

Evidently an "Old (Tax) Master"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

I am the fortunate possessor of this very old picture. It is thought to be a rough sketch for Millet's world-famous masterpiece "The Gleaners"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Harry Gets Wet

I SAW his fat figure across a fog of tobacco. Harry Kelsey has always been a butt of the humorists in every club he has ever belonged to, so, being bored to suffocation, I drifted thither.

"Well, you fat fright, how long have you been back? Been to Honolulu or Hitchykoo or somewhere, haven't you?"

He pressed the bell mechanically.

"America, my poor friend—and Canada, chiefly the latter," he replied, as one hiding international secrets. "I'm a typical Yank now," he continued, coming out over the edge of a long glass, "having all the shoulders of my coats padded to-morrow, and I've given up braces—what's yours?"

I told the waiter. "Manage to get wet at all out there?" I asked, nodding towards the glass, "or was it a drought—urgh?"

"Drought? my dear thing, I was—er—drenched to the skin, very frequently. No-o," he went on, meditatively, "it has been a dryer summer here—*my* word!

We make a great mistake, we Britishers, in supposing we have taken all the Belts and Medals there are for wangling things unto ourselves. O' course, during the War we got busy, *sove qui poo*, an' all that sort o' thing. But normally, now, anyway, the Yanks knock us sideways for gettin' over the obstacle, or under it.

I arrived in New York in a fearful state of anxiety, as we got hung up in the Harbour for twenty-four hours and couldn't land for some reason, and after certain gaunt gentlemen had come aboard us they had closed all the bars, and I wanted one badly. However, the Manager of our New York house had got me a bedroom and sitting-room at the hotel, and he conjured some pre-War nectar from the coal-scuttle and syphons from the backs of upholstered chairs in a most refreshin' way; said it was alright if you *were* alright, whatever that may mean, but proceeded to warn me so forcibly of the horrors that attended those caught with the 'stuff,' that I began to lean towards Prohibition for a quiet life, don't you know. It appears they are specially heavy on Englishmen, who are suspected of comin' in with hogsheads concealed about their persons, an' wearing a Union Jack tie, or somethin'.

It was alright as long as I was in New York, 'cos I was a buyer there, and had lots of friends in consequence. They never left me. The business side of the day was easy. Any blamed American can do business. Do it in their sleep, they tell you. The real ability of the Nation lies in gettin' the 'stuff,' and not gettin' caught drinkin' it. My friends must have been *ors concoors*, as the French say, at it. One pal o' mine, who took me to the play, had a flask made which fitted all over the underside of his dress shirt. I wondered why he perspired so, until afterwards! I was also warned, severely and frequently, never to make chance acquaintances. It seems that quite often the man you chum up with on a long railway journey is a detective, watchin' for you to fall, and as soon as you suggest a method of getting a drink, and get it, you get pinched. I had to spend five days and nights in the train going to Alberta, and got very unpopular with some of my fellow passengers for snubbing them: I was taking no risks. Not I.

It was up in the smaller towns in Canada where the real fun began. I and a Canadian ranch owner had to leave Edmonton suddenly on a longish trek by train, and he had forgotten to make the—er—necessary arrangements. But, as luck would have it, a seedy lookin' cove came up to us just outside the station with a bottle.

'Want to buy some cold tea, boys?' he said, with a knowin' wink. 'Six dollars, and cheap at the price.'

My Canadian friend paid up with a glad smile. 'Reckon we're fixed now, Mr. Kelsey,' he said, and I agreed. But as soon as the train moved off we had one together, and it *was* cold tea! I wish you could have heard my pal's language. It appeared afterwards that the police nabbed this merchant red-handed. And when *they* discovered it was cold tea, I understand their language cracked the glass in the town hall clock.

I was alright as long as they looked after me. But one night, in Calgarry, I stood a dinner to half a dozen men. They making the necessary 'arrangements.' Some dinner it was, too. Next morning I was alone, and badly wanted a hair of the dog, don't you know. Not a hope, of course. In despair I rang up a crafty cove I knew. He came along, full of beans, and walked me into a chemist's shop right opposite my hotel. I'd been there already for a pick-me-up, and the chap in charge had given me a filthy soda-fountain affair, you know. But the second time my friend made some cabalistic signs. A button was pressed somewhere, and half the

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"HARRY GETS WET" (*concluded*)

wall, full of bottles on shelves, swung outwards. We passed into a room absolutely bare of furniture, not even a chair. There was more pressing of a certain place on the wall, and again there swung outwards part of the wall. On the inside was the most benevolently stocked sideboard I had ever seen. And we helped ourselves. The idea of the no furniture was that if the police came suddenly you might lose your head and put your glass down on something. Whereas, as it was, the only place you *could* put it down was on the sideboard, which would have immediately swung inwards again and left you looking at an oleograph of Teddy Roosevelt. 'Cute lil' thing,' they called it. I thought so, too.

In one town I was in, forget which, a large barrel got dumped down outside a grocer's shop. He hadn't ordered it, and didn't want to pay the freight on it. So he just ignored it. After it had been there a week he thought he had better have a look at it. So he lugged it inside and took out the bung. Whisky, my boy, the *real* stuff. Not 'Moonshine,' the filth they sell you all over the place, made from barley, oats, or any old thing. But ten-year-old Scotch. This lunatic was a staunch Prohibitionist, and handed it over to the police. I was much struck by the appearance of the policemen on point duty during the next week. You know, some trying to look as if they hadn't, oh! no; and others only keeping awake with an effort. Some looking for trouble where no trouble was—very funny. But think what the town had missed!

It's perfectly all right if you get a doctor's prescription. You can buy a bottle on that. Only one. But imagine a small town like, say, Viking. Eight hundred to a thousand souls. You only want a couple of energetic doctors to keep the whole population supplied with the—er—necessaries of life. At two dollars a prescription there's a fortune in it. When things get a bit too hot for them they migrate elsewhere. I had serious thoughts myself. . . .

My crowning calamity was on the day I left New York. Lor' I go cold when I think of it. The *Digitalia* was sailing at five. I'd lunched our New York manager, a damn good chap, and we were up in my sitting-room speeding the parting guest. He had brought the speed. Suddenly, when we were getting nicely down to it, the telephone rang. I went to it.

'Say, Harry Kelsey, ain't it?'

'Yes.'

'Yes. And you've got Gordon J. Edwards up there with you, I reckon.'

'Yes. Why?'

'Why? Wal, I'm a detective speaking. There's a couple of us down here in the ho-tel. We're coming up in the elevator right now. Been wanting you blamed Britisher for a long time; heard of your tricks all over Canada. Reckon it will be worse 'n ever for you if you leave that room—you're for it, you are.'

I crashed down the receiver and told Edwards. I had already broken into a heavy sweat.

'Gee, we're nabbed!' he whistled, 'say, for the love of Mike break it up, smash it . . .,' and he dashed into my bedroom with a syphon in his hand. I heard an explosion and a crash of glass. Of course, I was done. An Englishman caught red-handed. I had visions of months in their infernal courts, explaining myself, and thousands of dollars being torn off me.

However, the sound of fracture and oaths in my bedroom must have pulled me together, I suppose, for I poured all the whisky out of the back window, smashed the bottle with the fire-tongs, and cut a great gash in my thumb in the process. Together we crammed all the broken glass under the coals in the coal-scuttle, and Edwards dashed back into the bedroom with our two tumblers.

There was a peremptory banging on the locked door, and Edwards, with a resigned shrug, opened it.

Two enormous fellers came in.

'Wal, Gordon, ol' man, put it right there. If this ain't the cutest lil' hold-up you've ever jolted into. You can call me a Pensylvania goat, boy. Pleased ter meet you, Mr. Kelsey. Now where's the stuff, Gordon? We two 've got a thirst that 'ud, wal, wal . . .'

Two of his dearest pals, wanting a drink, my boy, and knowing where they could get it. That's American humour . . . fun . . . chicanery . . . whew! . . .

Ye-es, I suppose we'd better have a quick one before dressing for dinner. No, it's my turn. Sss! Waiter! Same again, please." DELL LEIGH

By A. T. Smith

TIME, 3 A.M.—SUPERB LADY'S MAID: "Me lady, the place is on fire—What dress will you wear, me lady?"

THE FIRST NAVAL UNIFORM
INTRODUCED IN 1748.

George the Second was walking one day in the Mall and was much struck by the smart appearance of the Duchess of Bedford, who was riding in a habit of blue with white trimmings.

He thereupon authorized these two colours for the new Naval uniform.

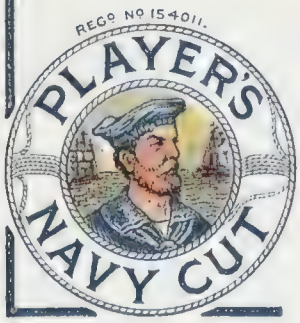
"Calthrops English Costume"

THE FIRST NAVY CUT
INTRODUCED IN 1881.

Player's Navy Cut
(The Original)
is first made into Navy Plugs and then cut into convenient slices

As our Sailors discovered long ago Tobacco made up in this way retains its true flavour, and is

"Beautifully Cool & Sweet Smoking."



John Player & Sons,
Nottingham

BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

"Orphans of the Storm"

GENS DU BEL-AIR

In the gardens of fair Versailles the hated aristocrats seek solace from the menace of the revolution in the arms of pleasure

LILLIAN GISH AS HENRIETTE GIRARD

À BAS LES ARISTOS

Relying on the melodrama of "The Two Orphans" and on Carlyle's "French Revolution," Mr. D. W. Griffith has produced a film which is, in consequence, strong in plot and correspondingly convincing from both a social and scenical point of view. The cast includes those two well-known artists of the screen—the Gish sisters. Miss Lillian Gish is, perhaps, one of the greatest film actresses we have yet seen

Blanchette on the Boat Race

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *March* 27

DEAR COUSIN—

IT'S Boat Race Week, this—had you remembered? Though hardly need to ask, do I? "Breathes there a man (or woman) with soul so dead," and all that sort of thing, that they can help feeling a very extra special sort of thrill, somehow, about the great and glorious Annual Battle of the Blues, as, I b'lieve, all the best reporter people annually call it?

NOT your Blanchette, anyway. Can't 'splain why, exactly. I mean, there's lots of other b.o.t.b.'s at Lord's and Queen's and places, that you might think ought to seem just as big and exciting, and are certainly much easier and comfortabler to watch. Have to turn up at all sorts of odd hours for the Boat Race, for one thing, 'cos of tides and so on. Generally get nearly frozen, too, even if it doesn't happen about dawn, however you may wrap yourself up with furs and things.

AND then only lasts a minute or two, the little bit of it you see—unless, that is, you're one of the favoured *very* few on one of the launches. And when it's all over you have simply miles and miles to go to get home again, and as frightful a struggle to do it, almost, as after a big Rugger match at Twickenham. Even the best noses, too, *have* been known to get quite unbecomingly pink, and one's general appearance, in fact, not at *all* the sort that's likely to "inspire frenzy in the heart of the male," as they put it in that perfectly lovely *Quality Street* at the Haymarket.

BUT all the same, and in spite of everything, and even if some of us *do* turn cowards at the last moment and stay lazily at home

"Rather hard life . . . dodging the stern and critical eye"

toasting our daintily slippered toes by the fireside (or languidly lounging in a sun-bathed garden, according as the O.C. April weather may decree). . . . All the same, there's something electric about it all, something that seems to loom large and vibrate all through the atmosphere, so to speak, wherever you are and whatever you're doing—on Boat Race day.

I'SPECT the Germans would have some perfectly good name for it all, don't you?—nice and long and throat-clearing and ending in "-ismus." Nationsmutualsympatheticsupersportstruggleexcitementfeeling, or some pretty wordlet like that—what? Whatever it is, though, it's a sort of thrill that beats most things except, p'raps, a Declaration of War—yes, including even the Derby Day thrill.

WHICH last, after all, *does* depend quite a lot on whether you've got anything on or not (in the betting way, of course, I mean), and, if so, what you've backed.

BLANCHETTE ON THE BOAT RACE (*concluded*)

Whereas in the Boat Race the betting—what there is of it—doesn't matter one little scrap, jot, tittle, iota, or five-a-penny mark. And I suppose it's partly because of that, and 'cos they're all so clean and young and strong, and it really is such a desperate hand-to-hand fight, that we . . . well, go just a bit mad about it all, even the least "outdoor" and sporting of us.

"The Germans would have a good name for it"

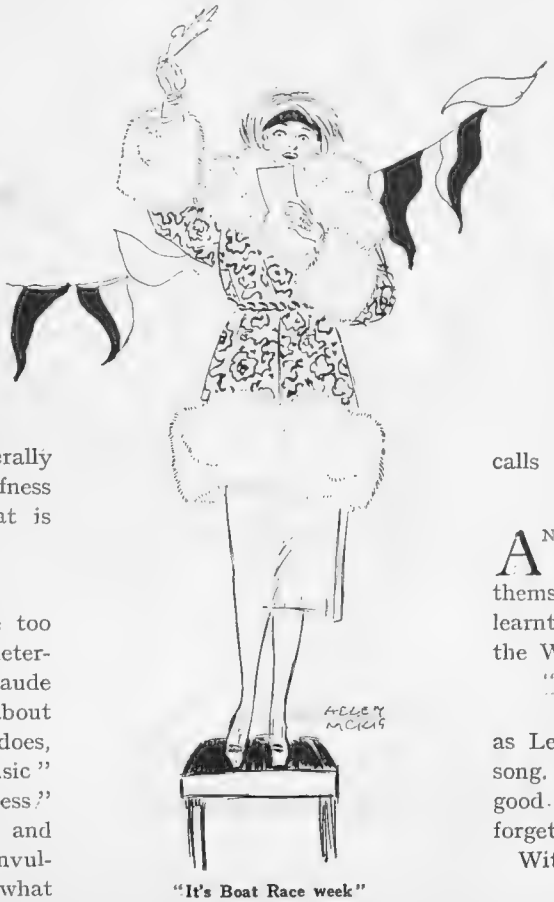
HERE'S luck to all eighteen of 'em, anyway, and may the best crew win, of course. Only I *do* rather hope that particular best one will turn out to be. . . . But hush!

ALSO La! how I do run on—to quote once more from the same aforementioned fascinatingly old-world Barrie play, with Fay Compton as its more-beautiful-than-ever heroine (and new husband for hero). And its spinets and cowslip wine and backboards and "dashing" gentlemen and demure ladies and generally intriguing atmosphere of aloofness from the hectic present, that is sometimes so refreshing.

LIKE, for instance, the quite too delightfully drastic and determined dicta of the great Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny about modern dancing. Calls it, he does, "a Rugby match put to music" and "a deadly athletic business" and "hybrid contortions," and "exotic, quixotic, idiotic convulsions." And wants to know what "healthy-minded young fellow" (not to mention "thoroughly nice" young wench) would ever want to "go gadding about" all the time at "these degrading pastimes of the night."

REALLY rather hard life, though, these days—dodging the stern and critical eye of *some* severe (and generally elderly) moralist or other, no matter how innocent and harmless you may fondly believe yourself to be. If you even take a quiet aspirin or lozenge before lunch at a restaurant, it's ten to one the manager tries to run you in as a cocaine fiend, and if you were to be seen passing one to a friend . . . well, it'd be six months without the option for a dead cert.

TALKING of dances reminds me of a really rather extra special one I went to last week at the great new R.A.F. Club in Piccadilly Where they've not only got a sumpshus ballroom, but all sorts of other luxuries in the way of drawing-rooms, ladies' rooms, squash courts, and even an oyster-bar, not to mention a whole seventy bedrooms.



"It's Boat Race week"

ALSO in that vicinity, too, is the New St. James's Dance Club which has been started at that delightful "bun-shop," Rumpelmayer's, and although it only opened last week the place was very full each night, which is a good omen in these days. One thing I like about it is that you can go in, and, having paid your shekels, you are not worried by ubiquitous waiters into drinking many pounds of cup and other things — everything inclusive, as the flat-agents (sometimes) say.

THE Court, by the way, is expected to leave Town this week for Windsor, and stay there over Easter, which, in the old days, would have meant rather a quietening down of things and not so many parties and going about for their loyal subjects. But we have rather swept away old customs and traditions now, haven't we? Come to think of it, there was a time when, I suppose, we should hardly have dared to do anything much in the way of parties at all in Lent, except in a very quiet way. While as for getting married then . . . !

DON'T really believe *anything* 'd stop us keeping on keeping on now, not even the biggest of political mix-ups, even on the "cold and lonely mountain tops," as L. G. calls 'em, of the P.M.-ship itself.

AND, after all, doesn't help much for *everyone* to worry themselves sick, does it?—as we learnt in the end, some of us, in the War:

"Why don't you smile
All the while?"

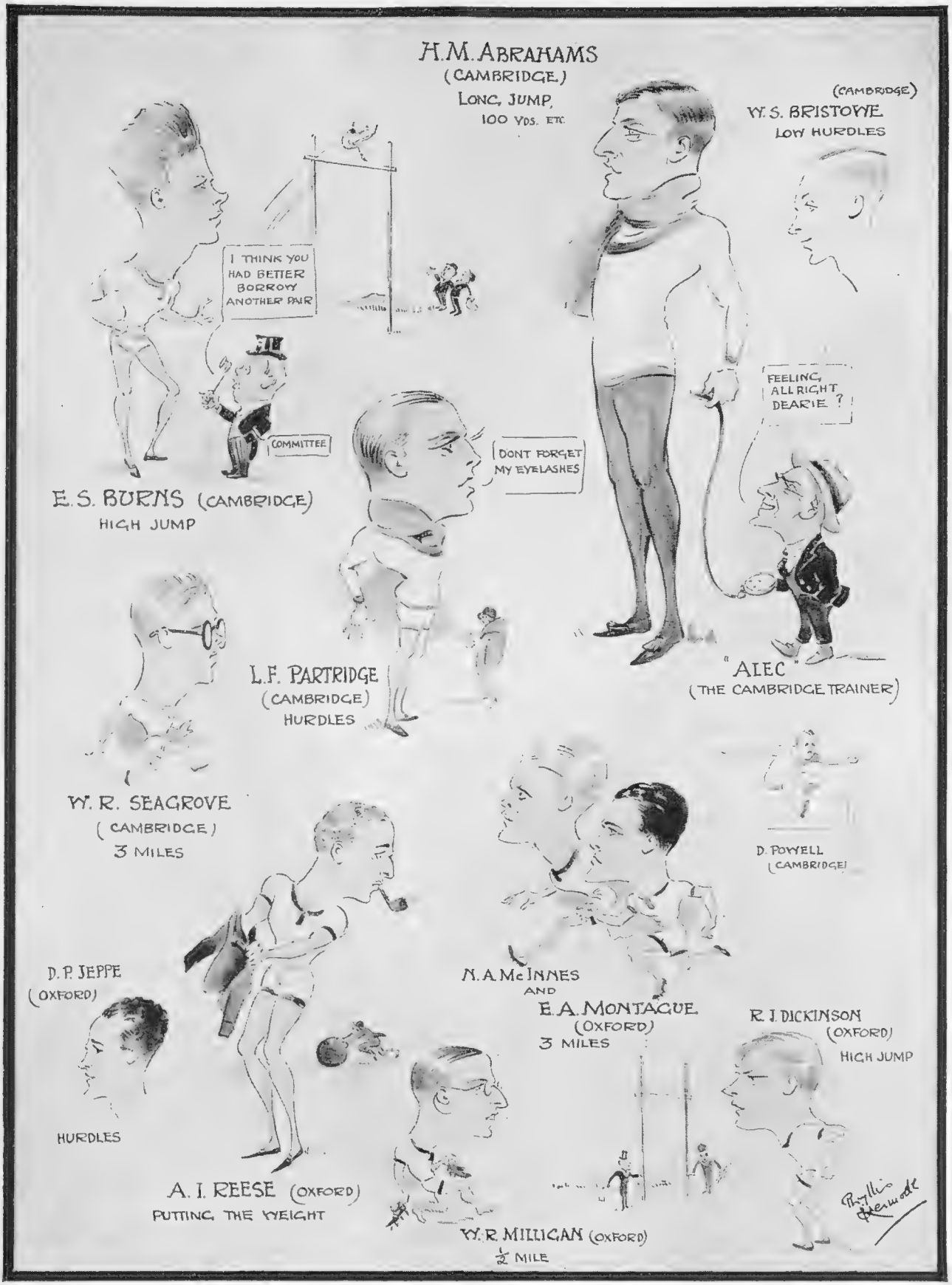
as Lee White asks in her newest song. Most of us have got lots of good reasons, I expect. But let's forget 'em, if we can—what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

The 'Varsity Sports

SOME OF THE RIVAL BLUES IN SATURDAY'S ENCOUNTER



BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

The 'Varsity Sports clashed last year with the boat race, but took place more conveniently this year a week in advance of it. The substitution of the 220 yards low hurdles race for the Hammer is undoubtedly a popular innovation though some have been heard to lament the demise of the more time-honoured event

Photograph CAMBRIDGE THE RIVAL CREWS IN NEXT

SPORT OF THE WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

GYMNASTIC COMPETITIONS AT HARROW SCHOOL

A general view of the gymnasium while the judging of the displays given by the competing teams was taking place

Photograph] **A. HUET** *[M. Kol*

Winner of the Inter-club cross-country race at the racecourse of La Courneuve, Paris, on the 19th inst. Of the three competing teams the Société Générale were first, the Birchfield Harriers second, and the Metropolitan Club, to which Huet belongs, third

Photograph *Sport and General*

R. C. O. WILLIAMS (left) AND J. C. F. SIMPSON

The Oxford pair, who, for the second year in succession, won the right to challenge the holders, the Hon. C. N. Bruce and H. W. Leatham, for the Amateur Doubles Championship of rackets last week, and this time succeeded in wresting the championship from them

Photograph *I. N. A.*

NOTHING IN IT SO FAR

A striking snapshot of three competitors in the Junior Hurdles at the Eton College sports taking a flight of hurdles as nearly dead level as possible, added to which all three of them are hurdling in very correct style

SATURDAY'S GREAT RACE OXFORD *Sport and General*

Photograph G. P. U.

A BREAK AWAY BY THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE FORWARDS

Which led up to the scoring of their first try in the final of the London Universities' Rugby Cup competition, which was played at Richmond on Wednesday last between University College and East London University, and was won by University College

Photograph W. Caudery

IN COURT ONCE MORE

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen made her first appearance in tournament tennis since her somewhat disastrous trip to America last year at the Nice meeting, where she won the Ladies' Doubles with Miss Ryan and the Mixed Doubles with the Russian, Count Soumarokoff. She did not compete in the Singles

Photograph Sport and General

SIGNALMAN COTTRELL

Finishing first in the Army Cross-Country Championship. He beat his field by over two minutes. The team championship was won somewhat unexpectedly by the Wiltshire Regiment. Cottrell's unit, the 1st T. Bn. Royal Corps of Signals, was second

THE TROJANS (SOUTHAMPTON) RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM

The Southampton Trojans, an old established club, are about the only "Rugger" Club of any standing, except the United Services, in Hampshire, and in a county in which "Soccer" predominates the task of keeping their end up is no light one. They have, nevertheless, had a very successful season. (Left to right), Standing: E. G. Woodward (Hon. Secretary), C. Power, R. P. Carroll, L. U. Densham, D. Griffin, D. Moore, R. F. M. Wiltshire, L. G. Bacon (Referee). Seated: L. P. Crouch, K. C. Randall, P. J. N. Vincent, A. S. McIntyre (Captain), C. B. Riddell, P. O'Connell, R. J. Fulljames. In front: E. W. Toogood and O. R. Fulljames

FAKING OLD FURNITURE

BY MRS. M. VINCE

THERE is a story told by a well-known writer on old furniture of a public dinner some years ago in a small, but well-known, town, at which a speaker referred to the principal trade of that ancient and interesting place as being the manufacture of old furniture. This remark was received with applause, and was evidently considered a witty and entertaining hit which those at whom it was directed could enjoy just as much as anyone else.

OF how many other things could it be said that people would laugh and clap when they were publicly told that they made their living by cheating their fellow-men? The story shows at once the odd attitude that exists towards the faking of furniture. I cannot help feeling that the public itself is largely responsible. Behind that cynical idea that it is, if not a worthy, at least a witty and amusing thing to cheat people about furniture, lies, I think, the feeling that a great many people deserve to be deceived and possibly also that a great many people do not really much mind if they are deceived.

THERE was a time, not so many years ago, when old furniture was very much cheaper than new, and beautiful pieces could be bought for fewer shillings than one now pays pounds. No one particularly wanted old furniture. Now no one wants anything else, or, if they cannot get it, then at least a copy or a colourable imitation. The result is that the world is full of people with a little knowledge of old furniture, and there are none so easily taken in as those whom a little knowledge has made to feel very clever and self-confident. Then there are those other people who want to believe that what they have is old, who, if they are wrong, would probably prefer to be left undeceived, and who are quite satisfied so long as they can quote what the dealer said—"a genuine antique."

THE material in which they work is largely genuine old furniture, which they carve and cut about in order to satisfy the demand of the moment. The old, massive dower-chests which, in early times, were used in place of wardrobes and chests-of-drawers, and of which there used to be a great many, since every bride was provided with one, are now too cumbersome and unpractical for those who wish to buy old furniture for their own use. So these old chests are turned into cupboards. The wood of one such chest will furnish forth a good many cupboards with sufficient appearance of age to pass as a genuine antique and command a high price. Another familiar device, and, perhaps, the commonest, is to take genuine plain pieces of furniture, preferably the more massive pieces, and to carve and decorate them so as to increase their value. Where no attention is paid, as in many such cases, to the date of the original, and it is provided with carving actually of a different century, the deception will only deceive those with no real knowledge of the subject, but where the carver knows his periods and is careful to copy the carving of a genuine piece of the same date, the fraud is much more subtle. Of them all the commonest device is simply to break up old pieces of furniture and to use bits of the genuine wood in modern imitations, just sufficient of each to provide the purchaser with something he can examine and find to be old. The result is like the bottles of imitation lemon-juice "Made only from the real fruit," into which a lemon pip has got "by accident!"

ANYONE can soon learn a few of the things for which it is necessary to watch in judging whether or not "old furniture" is really old—the peculiar surface which the old methods of waxing and polishing gave; the grain of the wood in furniture made in the days when it was customary not to saw planks the length of the tree, but to cut it in rounds against the grain; the absence of glue; the polish which many years of use gives to the bottom of legs of tables and chairs and so forth. But the more one knows of the ingenuities of the "faker" the more one realises that no casual and easily acquired knowledge is any protection against him. One must know thoroughly the history of furniture, and that knowledge is worth having for its own sake. Old furniture, more, perhaps, than most old things, retains in itself something from the past which only knowledge can discover. An old table, or chest, or chair is not only worth possessing because it is rare, or even because it is beautiful, but because there is a memory hidden in it of how people lived and how they worked in the days when it was made.

M. V.

"THE YELLOW FACE"

A scene from the Stoll Film Company's version of Sir A. Conan Doyle's famous story. The series, which are now being exhibited in the provinces, are especially noteworthy for the acting of Eille Norwood (left) as Sherlock Holmes, and Hubert Willis (right) as "My dear Watson"

The Haig & Haig Motto means that one glass of "a little and good" is an adequate and pleasing stimulant.

"Let a man think as he will, but he shall command no other man to think it"

John Drinkwater

puts these words into the mouth of Oliver Cromwell. Here is a great maxim that the world needs to learn, and particularly that the democratic world needs to learn now.

John Drinkwater may drink water or he may drink Haig & Haig Whisky, or, indeed, anything that he wants to drink, and let no man presume to say he shall do otherwise.

There are some things that we must not decide by a majority vote. One of those things is whether or not you, and we, and John Drinkwater shall, or shall not, drink water.

Being free people we do not need other opinions on this. Our own opinion is all that matters.

. . . . . .

Haig & Haig

are publishing this advertisement throughout the world. They have two objectives:—

(1) To stem the tide of democratic tyranny.

(2) To forward their own business interests. They believe that they are sending all over the world the best whisky that goes from Scotland.

HAIG & HAIG LTD. (*Distillers since 1679*), 57 SOUTHWARK STREET · LONDON · S.E.1

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

At Lincoln

It was curious that after seeing a good deal of so-called winter sport under spring-like conditions we were chilled to the marrow upon opening the flat-racing season at Lincoln. Surely there is no colder spot in England than the Carholme when the shrill nor'-easter blows. Things did not become brighter on the opening day when one outsider after another popped up; but countenances were most cheerful on the second day, in spite of the snow, when the favourites began to score. Harry Cottrill has got many of his horses nicely forward, and three winners on the first two days of the season was not bad going for this stable. The two greys, Sanhedrin and Norseman, have come on a lot since last year, and both are likely to score again before long.

The Brocklesby

I could not find much fault with the Brocklesby field. Some of the youngsters were better grown than those we usually see in this race, and the winner, the St. Olive colt, is quite a good sort excepting for a rather suspicious joint. Most of the money at the last moment was for Priory, and I am not convinced that we saw the best of this colt. I predict that he will be a winner during the next week or two. Several others of the Brocklesby lot are sure to improve, notably Lady Cunliffe-Owen's colt, Castile, who seemed to be decidedly backward. Surcoat's victory in the Batthyany Plate was one of the most stylish of the meeting, but one was sorry to see the King's colours second again once more.

Not Quite All

A rather amusing remark was made by George Archibald during the afternoon of the Lincolnshire Handicap. "Does Donoghue always ride *all* the winners in this country?" blandly asked this jockey from America, Germany, and Spain. One had to admit that it looked very much like it so far as Lincoln was concerned. "Steve" was unquestionably in great form. Probably any other good jockey would have won the big race on Granely, for that colt certainly had a lot to spare at the end, but Donoghue's handling of the Translucence colt in the subsequent race was masterly. There is good reason to suppose that Steve, riding as a free lance, will have the best season he has ever had.

Granely

The race, which had been discussed all through the winter months, produced a singularly unexciting finish. First I thought that Roman Bachelor was going to do the trick, and I don't mind confessing that I had a very nice bet about him. Then I saw that Monarch was going the better of the two, but in a few more strides Granely flashed to the front, and it was all over. Something was undoubtedly wrong all last year with Granely. Those connected with the Foxhill stable were dumbfounded when he cut up so badly in the Two Thousand Guineas, for he had been very highly tried for that race. Now the colt has come into his kingdom, and his runaway success makes one wonder what sort of horse Leighton can be. For in the gallop at home the latter had fairly slammed Granely, which was, no doubt, the reason why Mr. James White and his friends did not put the money down on the Lincoln colt with their usual freedom.

H. B. BLETSOE By "The Tout"

A caricature of a past master in the art of steeplechase riding, who rode Wavertree in the Grand National last week. Bletsoe steered Rubio to victory in this great race of 1908, and has scores of other lesser triumphs to his credit. Look out for him at some of the Hunt Meetings, which are taking place now. They are always his happy hunting grounds

Across Country

There was the usual hustle to get away from Lincoln after the last race, but the Great Central put on some excellent specials, and it was a very comfortable journey to Liverpool. Happily we found the weather conditions much brighter there, and it was pleasant to be out on the course before breakfast without a piercing wind getting into one's very vitals. The crowds at Lincoln had been thinner than usual, but there was no falling-off to be noticed at Aintree, and the meeting was once more a tremendous success.

Torlonia

For punters the opening day was hardly a prosperous one. Some of us went down bump on Lord Derby's Torlonia, who looked to be so much above the cut of the usual "small and early" two-year-olds that it appeared to be good business to have a dash on him in the Molyneux. Something a bit too smart turned up for him in the well-fancied Lowood, from Walter Griggs's stable, but I imagine the time will come when Torlonia will slam the winner.

Trespasser's Luck

Another downfall for backers was encountered in the Spring Cup, which was generally voted good for Trespasser, but the fate which Mr. Heybourn's horse experienced last year again befell him. It is very bad luck for Trespasser to be beaten twice by a head in this race by horses which were so much favoured by the draw. Grandcourt was lucky, too, in getting the best of a very poor start. This week the most interesting sport will be seen at Newbury, where the Greenham Stakes and the Newbury Cup are the great attractions. It does not seem to be much use looking beyond **Leighton** if that crack goes for the cup.

The Toast is "DUGGIE"

"GENTLEMEN! On this happy occasion, I have pleasure in proposing the toast — 'Duggie.'

"It has been my pleasant experience to have many eminently satisfactory transactions with the 'Prince of Turf Accountants'—whose enterprise eliminated all old-fashioned restrictions. He originated all the great concessions which we backers enjoy to-day.

"Moreover, anything 'Duggie' advertises is honourably carried out, and above all, he never quibbles.

"May he live long to continue satisfying us backers, and let us hope his success is maintained.

"Join me in drinking the toast '**Duggie**'—the best known and straightest sportsman in the World."

Why not write to-day and open a Credit Account?

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

"Duggie NEVER owes."—*Sporting Times.*

To H.M. THE KING H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
BY APPOINTMENT

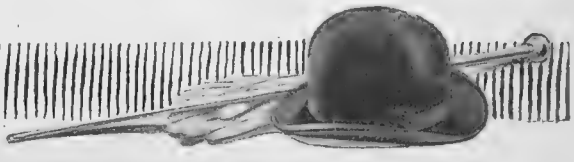
How is it that a man can put his hat on "just so" without looking in the glass? Perhaps it is constant practice. Perhaps by the feel of it on his head. Just as the man who wears a Lincoln Bennett feels not only that it is on right but that *it is right.*

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO Sackville Street PICCADILLY LONDON REGD TRADE MARK

Lincoln Bennett

The Best Felt Hats are made from Nutria Fur, Fine Hares Fur and Scotch Coney Fur, and are priced accordingly.

Agents throughout the Kingdom
The names of those in your district supplied on request.



Purgatory

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

WHY HUSBANDS LEAVE HOME

FASHIONS FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

TWO SPRING CREATIONS OF UNUSUAL CHIC

ENTIRELY NEW

Carried out in nigger-brown, the crown being of fine straw with ribbon lattice-work brim; the ensemble makes a new and becoming model

AN ATTRACTIVE TOQUE

Of black tissue, which is trimmed with two feathery tufts, the one black and the other vermilion, posed at a sharp, outstanding angle

Designs by Jenners, of Edinburgh

Beautiful Faces Need Beautiful Hats

EVERY dancing enthusiast knows that seductive, rather sad little waltz song, "Beautiful Faces," and one surmises that the beautiful clothes referred to in the refrain includes *chapeaux*, since "she is dressed in the best from her head to her toes." Anyway, every woman admits the moral support afforded by a really becoming piece of headgear, and the millinery adepts this season have verily surpassed themselves in achieving arresting and telling *ligne*.

An expert of world-wide fame, where the best hats are concerned, is Jenner, of Edinburgh, a firm that has a taste and *finesse* that is unsurpassed. A feather-weight felt hat, the "Cecil," is a great favourite; this is as flexible as panama, and can be rolled up for packing with the same ease. With its rather high squashed-in crown and narrow brim the "Cecil" represents in every way the ideal sports and travelling possession. It is, too, most extraordinarily cheap at 15*s*., and Jenners run it through no less than twenty colours, in which will be found the new season's Mary blue, pearl-grey, daffodil, cinnamon, together with black and white.

There is also, for instance, that very attractive affair depicted, which shows one of the new ribbon lace brims. The actual hat illustrated is in nigger-brown, the crown of fine straw, and the picturesque wide brim of wire deftly covered in ribbon, ornamented here and there with large floral *motifs* of the same. To add any further decoration to a *chapeau* of this description would be tantamount to painting the lily white.

The toque, with its sexangular crown, is fashioned of black varnished horsehair straw, the narrow brim lightly rolled over a soft padding, with, at the right side, two feathery tufts, the one black and the other vermilion, posed at a sharp outstanding angle. Jenners, by the way, are always pleased to forward a selection on approval to their many far-away clients on receipt of the usual trade reference.

An Effect of Colour Balance

ROYAL KENSINGTON, as a shopping centre, ranks second to none to-day, and one of the most prominent establishments is that of Story and Co., a house of long standing and renown for beautiful furniture and furnishing fabrics. For many years it has been the chief aim of this firm of artists to produce furnishing fabrics of the finest value allied to a reasonable cost. They have created a standard below which they decline to go, and, like many other houses of similar prestige, have had to fight against much sensational advertising.

The *clientèle* Story's cater for is one of educated and refined taste and a knowledgeable understanding of what constitutes the best in artistic furnishing, a point of view that has seen some drastic changes during the past two or three decades. That we are on the upward grade is unquestionable, and none have been more instrumental in arriving at and consolidating these higher values than Story, of Kensington. Their stall at the recent Ideal Homes Exhibition naturally attracted considerable attention, and as evidence of their remarkable sense of colour balance they displayed a window scheme, here shown, which was carried out in a delightful scheme of jade-green for the pelmet, with curtains of a new gold tissue, woven with a back

(*Continued on page 756*)

AN IDEAL COLOUR SCHEME

This attractive window scheme exhibited by Story's at the Ideal Home Exhibition is carried out in jade-green for the pelmet, with curtains of rich gold tissue, woven with a back of dull mauve. This really lovely furnishing fabric is not, by any means, as costly as it sounds, and is designed not only to please momentarily, but to be lived with

Miss Dorothy Ward, the well-known and talented musical-comedy actress.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 sent post free on application.

"These Wonderful Reproductions of Oriental Gems have won their way to the front rank solely on their merits."

Thus "Coming Fashions," in a recent issue, writes of

Ciro Pearls.

We give their remarks in fuller detail below :—

"THE Success of Ciro Pearls has been absolutely sensational, and both present and future popularity are positively assured. Pleasant experience has already proved that these wonderful reproductions of priceless oriental gems have won their way to the front rank simply and solely on their merits. Seen side by side with the most costly jewels, the Ciro Pearls hold their own to so satisfactory an extent that even an expert has been deceived before now."

Our only address in Great Britain

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1. Dept. 7.

We have no agents or branches

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank. Near Piccadilly.

Model 9177 Dainty soft-finished White and Pink Broché. Cutaway front, 6 hose supporters. Sizes 21-32. **39/11**

Model 962 Elastic top corset for slender figures. In fancy Pink material, lightly boned, 4 hose supporters. Sizes 20-28 **12/11**

Model 33 Superb Model for average figures. Low bust, medium full DOUBLE SKIRT, well boned, 4 hose supporters. In Pink Coutil. Sizes 20-30. **16/11**

"But every flowing line in pleasure drowns, and heightens ease with grace."—THOMSON.

Because each model closely follows the best lines of the "fair undress" of which the poet sings, Warner's Corsets allow the utmost freedom of movement, and heighten "ease with grace." For this reason the World's Leading Modistes have chosen Warner's as the basis on which to build all new fashions.

Warner's Rust Proof Corsets

GUARANTEED NOT TO RUST BREAK OR TEAR

For 50 years Warner's have stood for Correct Corsetry throughout the world.

Warner Designers are therefore in possession of fashion secrets—long in advance of their announcement. A WARNER'S offers always the best interpretation of to-day's needs, the true anticipation of to-morrow's.

In an unequalled range of 120 different styles, to suit all types of figure from maid to matron, at prices from

6/11 to 4 Gns.

Write for beautifully Illustrated Corset Brochure, post free, together with address of nearest agent.

SOLD BY ALL HOUSES OF PRESTIGE.

THE WARNER CORSET CO. (Wholesale only) 76, WOOD ST., E.C.2

of dull mauve. This really lovely furnishing fabric is not, by any means, as costly as it sounds, although of that rich, satisfying texture as to exact the simplest classical handling. This remarkable feeling for colour harmonies, moreover, is apparent in all the decorative schemes evolved by these *salons*, which are designed not only to please momentarily, but to be lived with.

In order to assist customers to compare their fabrics with others Story and Co. have admirable arrangements for submitting patterns through the post, although, when possible, a visit to the Kensington showrooms is infinitely the more satisfactory.

A Palatial Emporium

ONE of the sensations of the past week has been the formal opening of Messrs. Dickins and Jones's newly built and very much enlarged premises in Regent Street. Although business has been carried on throughout these necessarily long operations, the public only got a glimmering of the difficulties that have had to be contended with when they were able to see the magnificence of this latest addition to London's emporiums thrown open the other Monday. It was a capital idea to inaugurate the event by an "Economy Week," which, in effect, meant that in every department certain of the new season's models were marked down at particularly alluring prices, another pleasant and unusual experience being that of shopping to the strains of the band of the Irish Guards, and also to have the expert advice and experience free, gratis and for nothing, of embroideresses and knitters especially imported from Paisley for the occasion in the art needlework department.

Especially appreciated were the wide gangways between the counters and the general suggestion of space and air, an innovation that will go far to minimising the toil of shopping here. The ground space covered is enormous, and has enabled the firm to add several fresh sections, such as one devoted to inexpensive tailor-mades, another to moderately priced coats, and a third to perfumery. Under these conditions it is a foregone conclusion that a house standing, as does this one of Dickins and Jones, on such a sound, firm basis—it was founded, by the way, in 1803—is bound to go far.

THE PERFECT FIGURE

To-day the cult of the corset has reached the level of a very fine art, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the models created by Gossard, of 168, Regent Street, of which this illustration bears convincing evidence

In Pursuit of the Perfect Figure

A DAY of reckoning is close at hand for those who have deliberately allowed their figures a too full licence. At seventeen, perhaps, fingers may be snapped at any sort of support, but as time goes on the tissues of the body, akin with those of the face, tend to sag, and the form to spread to a degree that very quickly leaves elegance and proportion far behind. That unboned *tricot* belt has much to answer for, and is gradually giving place to corsets that are every bit as comfortable and hygienic.

The corset, moreover, as it is now expressed, is a totally different story to the stiff, torturing affair of old, and quite one of the wisest innovations inaugurated by the firm of Gossard, 168, Regent Street, W., is the laced-up front. This has the two-fold advantage of doing away with the old-time busk, and also provides a perfectly flat back. Furthermore, the front lacing gives a support to the figure below the waist that is both helpful and healthy, while at the base of the back a Gossard corset is fitted with a small elastic gusset that gives as the wearer sits or stoops, so it does not matter how long the cut is over the hips.

A pale, delicate pink appears to be the prevailing colour note, and finds expression in every conceivable and suitable material, from Milanese to a delightful suède-finished cotton, viâ *broché*, both of silk and cotton, and no matter what price is paid it commands the same immaculate cut and finish. As there are fittings and styles to conform to every type, the Gossard firm dispense entirely with bespoke models; but what they do insist upon is the personal fitting of every client, since they alone know which is the right choice, and they are far too tenacious of the position they hold to take any risks.

Although in one sense a side issue, the *brassière* here plays an important part, especially where stout figures are concerned, the examples provided for such clients being wonderfully constructed to afford support and the requisite straight lines now decreed. In a word, the Gossard firm have brought the cult of the corset to the level of a fine art.

New Harwich-Antwerp Service

The new geared turbine steamship, *Malines*, constructed for the Great Eastern Railway Company by Messrs. Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd., made her first trip in the Harwich-Antwerp service on the 21st inst. This is a service *de luxe* in every respect, and the boat is a great improvement on former vessels.

Pure New Wool and Weatherproof.

THE AQUASCUTUM COAT

PURE New Wool, weatherproof and self-ventilating. Made in many styles. Colours include fawns, browns, greens, lovats, greys, etc.

Price from 6 Gns.

Coats sent on approval against remittance or London trade reference.

Mention of "Bystander" will bring catalogue and patterns by return. Agents in principal towns.

Aquascutum REGISTERED LTD

By appointment to H.M. The King and to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

100 REGENT STREET LONDON W

SHOOLBREDS

Coat, Wrap, and Raincoat Department

CARSTAIRS

One of the new attractive models. Coat of handsome design made of light weight Gabardine with stitchings of self coloured silk. All-round Belt of own material, lined throughout with flowered silk. In various new colourings.

£5 15 0

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, LONDON, W.1.

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

Easter in Paris — or at home? See the new Spring Suits at Goochs. Clever tailoring — smart finish — moderate prices — all warrant your calling there first.

'BUCKINGHAM'

A charming costume in best quality fawn Gabardine. Coat of the newest design, with long-waisted effect, and finished with pretty girdle. Specially suitable for young ladies' wear. Price **9½ Gns.**

GOOCHS Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Tube Station: Knightsbridge. *'Phone: Kens. 5100*

"I was Grey"

Demonstrations in London are attracting great scientific and public attention. A Paris physician-scientist (a distinguished member of the Paris Faculty) has discovered a simple method of restoring the lost colour inside each and every grey hair upon the head.

Among the many who have had their hair restored by the "Inecto" process is a well-known Royal Princess who writes: "'Inecto' has given me the greatest satisfaction." Every high-class hairdresser in Europe has given up all other methods in favour of "Inecto-Rapid." By means of a special test it can be used even on sensitive skins.

BYSTANDER readers are invited to call at the London Salons and see living proof of the truly wonderful "Inecto-Rapid" triumph over greyness. Readers at a distance should write for illustrated booklet, explaining how this valuable process and test can be carried out in the privacy of one's own home or room. Ask for booklet No. 47, enclose 2d. in stamps to cover return postage, etc., and state if for lady or gentleman. Call or Write. Demonstration Salons, Dept B.S., 15, North Audley Street, London, W. 1.

INECTO RAPID

Pullars for Perfection in Spring Cleaning

IN ALL THE PROCESSES OF CLEANING AND DYEING THE NAME OF PULLAR HAS FOR FOUR GENERATIONS BEEN UNRIVALLED FOR QUALITY OF WORK, AND TO-DAY THE REPUTATION OF THE NAME IS HIGHER THAN EVER.

SEND FOR TREATMENT BY THE FAMOUS PULLAR PROCESSES ANY ARTICLE OF HOUSEHOLD FURNISHING OR WEARING APPAREL SOILED BY USE OR FADED BY EXPOSURE.

AT A FRACTION OF THE ORIGINAL COST THE ARTICLE CAN BE BEAUTIFULLY CLEANED OR DYED AND RETURNED READY FOR A FURTHER TERM OF USEFULNESS.

Send Goods to any Local Branch or Agent, or post direct to Perth. Pullars pay return Postage.

Pullars of Perth

CLEANERS AND DYERS.

"Cotella-Rep" SHIRTS

look well—wear well—wash well

woven colours—fast to sun and wash

When a *man* goes Shopping

he accepts ***known*** values—the quality of cut and finish associated with the name "Cotella"; — fabric merits inseparably linked with the name Horrockses' for over a century.

In "Cotella-Rep" these known qualities are combined. They represent the utmost *value* that can be offered in shirts and pyjamas of honest manufacture from wear-enduring fabrics with *guaranteed* fast colours.

Full range of designs—colours and stripes, thin and broad, to suit *your* taste. Every shirt sold with this *guarantee*—replaced if colour fades.

Your dealer stocks—ask him to show you "Cotella-Rep" *to-day.*

From all leading men's wear stores

8/6

Collars to match 1/6
Pyjamas - - 15/-

"Cotella Rep" Made from HORROCKSES FAST COLORS

LOOK FOR THIS GUARANTEE TAB ON EVERY GARMENT

In case of difficulty in obtaining, write for Pattern Card and address of nearest retailer to the wholesale makers:—

COTELLA LTD., 72-73, FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

Of good social standing

THERE are features in the appearance of "ESCORT" UMBRELLAS that impress those to whom "good style" appeals. Made from high-class materials, and on Fox's Frames, they are strong, durable in quality, and reasonable in price.

From **21/-** upwards, according to style selected. Ask your dealer to show you a selection of "Escort" Umbrellas, and look for the red seal—the sign of quality.

"Escort" parasols and en-tout-cas possess the same distinguishing qualities as

Escort Umbrellas

If unable to obtain, write manufacturers, "Escort" Umbrellas, 8 and 9, Paddington St., London, W.1 for name of nearest dealer.

Breast Fed is Best Fed

NATURAL feeding is the duty of every mother and the birthright of every child. A medical authority states: "*Maternal nursing is not merely one method of feeding an infant—it is the only right way.*"

To ensure an adequate supply of milk and to enable the mother to maintain her strength while nursing, "Ovaltine" should be regularly taken throughout the entire nursing period. With much advantage it may also be taken before the birth. The baby will become robust and healthy and more immune from infantile ailments.

A nurse writes:—"Four recent patients who took 'Ovaltine' before the birth of their babies have each had a beautiful baby and in each case the mother has been able to breast-feed her little one."

"Ovaltine" is a delicious beverage containing the concentrated nourishment extracted from malt, milk and eggs.

"Ovaltine" gives Health to Mother and Baby!

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Enables Mothers to Breast Feed their Babies

Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6

It is economical to purchase the larger sized tins.

Manufactured by A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross Street, London, E.C. 1.

"Ovaltine" is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire.

P. 125B.

That confidence in your complexion

THE feeling of assurance that your complexion radiates health and beauty is yours if you use Premier Vinolia Soap.

Premier Vinolia Soap is made to keep the skin continuously healthy and fresh, and to cope with the demands of skin cleanliness.

Premier Vinolia Soap has been tested by millions of users all over the world ever since the Vinolia Company started. Hence it is the Premier Soap to-day.

6½D. per Tablet. Bath Size Tablet, 11D.

PREMIER

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SOAP

Vinolia Complexion Powder (Royal Series) is an excellent non-clogging powder for use after the toilet or bath. Beautifully fragrant, it imparts a soft bloom to the skin. 1/3 & 2/- per Box.

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VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON.

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Easter Fashions

Latest Models combined with smartness and refinement make a visit to Woolland's extremely interesting at this season. The prices are most moderate and the quality of Woolland's usual high standard.

Beautiful Catalogue of Exclusive Fashions Post Free.

Price 25/-

Practical SPORTS SKIRTS.

Typical examples of the many Practical Sports Skirts are illustrated, made in Check or Striped Tweeds. Exceptional value.

Price 25/-

Also made in Check or Striped Towelling.

Price 25/-.

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD.,
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, *The Centre of Fashion*
LONDON, S.W.1.

SHOOLBRED'S

The Gown, Suit, and Skirt Department.

THE HALSEY.

One of the new wrap-over Skirts with easing on Hips and fancy Belt. In good quality Navy and Black Gabardine.

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Can also be had in fine Tweeds.

MANY OTHER NEW MODELS HAVE BEEN DESIGNED, AND ARE NOW READY.

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Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business and has gained what we believe to be a well-deserved reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and the materials used are thoroughly practical and reliable.

DAINTY BRIDESMAID'S FROCK (as sketch) in pale pink taffeta, trimmed border of ribbon in an art shade of blue, entirely hand sewn.

	Price
Size for 2 years,	5½ Gns.
" " 3 "	6 "
" " 4 "	6½ "
" " 5 "	7 "

BONNET to match daintily lined under brim with pink tulle, **69/6.**

These models can be copied to order in other shades.

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(LIMITED)
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'PRESIDENT' SOLES.
Per pair.
Men's - 3/-
Ladies' - 2/-
Small Children's 1/3
'PRESIDENT' HEELS.
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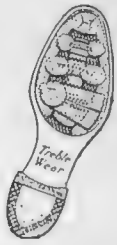
Men's 1/3 & 1/6
Ladies' 9d. & 1/-

Just great!—for Golf—

Mr. Smart on the links is wearing ordinary walking shoes fitted with Phillips 'PRESIDENT' Light Rubber Soles. 'Presidents' are most comfortable for walking. Keep out the damp and give an *excellent grip on turf.* Ideal for Town.

Phillips RUBBERS

'PRESIDENT' Light and Invisible.



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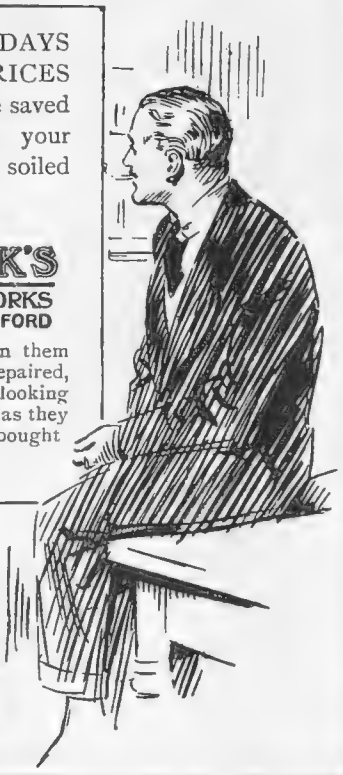

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New Waistcoat Blouse in striped silk of a fabric which can be guaranteed for its wearing and washing qualities. Made in a variety of coloured stripes on cream ground. Newest idea for early Spring wear.

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is Anzora. Absolutely the best hair preparation I've struck. It keeps my hair in just the position I want, from the time I brush it in the morning until the time I go to bed. It's Great! Take my tip and try it to-morrow. You won't regret it. Make sure, old chap, you get the right kind—Viola if your scalp is dry, and Cream should it be slightly greasy.

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LAWN MOWERS and ROLLERS

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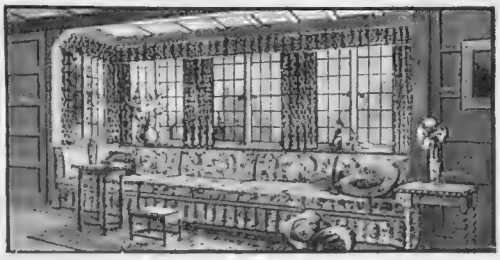

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This attractive Lingerie Set is an exact copy of an exclusive French model, and is made entirely by hand by our own workers in rich pure silk crêpe de Chine: the cut, shape and finish is excellent.

NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) in pure silk crêpe de Chine, Kimono sleeves, and low V-shaped neck, finished with satin ribbon bow, daintily trimmed with hand veining and fine lace edging. In Pink, Sky, Yellow, Mauve, Ivory and Coral.

PRICE
49/6

Chemise to match, 39/6
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In good quality Japanese Silk, in white only,
Nightdress . . 29/6
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Pair.

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No 83 SOCKS

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NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LTD.

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This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

	Size of Boiler	To Heat 4in. Pipe	Tapping	Diam of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No 1	12in. x 8in.	40ft	1in	4in.	£3 11 0
,, 2	12in x 12in.	60ft	1in.	4in	£4 12 8
,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft	1in	4in.	£5 11 4
,, 4	16in x 12in.	120ft	1¼in	5in.	£10 5 10
,, 5	16in. x 18in	160ft	1¼in	5in.	£12 14 0
,, 6	16in x 24in	200ft	1¼in.	5in.	£15 12 6
,, 7	16in. x 30in	240ft	1¼in	5in.	£18 16 4

GREENHOUSE

		ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
No. 1	Boiler,	11 0	x 11 0	x 8 0
,, 2	,,	11 0	x 16 0	x 8 0
,, 2	,,	11 0	x 21 0	x 8 0

GARAGE

		ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
No. 1	Boiler,	20 0	x 20 0	x 10 0
,, 2	,,	25 0	x 25 0	x 10 0
,, 3	,,	28 0	x 28 0	x 10 0

Or same enbical contents.

MAKES THE LIGHTEST BUNS

much more economically and better than you can buy them. Sold in 2d. packets (enough for 15 buns), 4½d. packets (enough for 45 buns), and in family packets 7d.

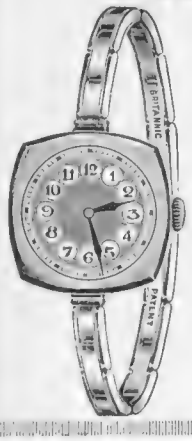
Four kinds—Lemon—Vanilla—Almond—Plain.

Equally delightful cakes can be made.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

Sold Under Guarantee

The
"BRITANNIC"
Patent Expanding
BRACELET



THE QUALITY STAMP.

The "Britannic" stands out supreme in its class, being the Queen of Watch Bracelets. It marks the highest form of production known in the Goldsmith's craft. This is why the "Britannic" Bracelet has achieved a phenomenal success and world-wide reputation. The beauty of the finish, and the absolute reliability and elasticity of the gold springs are everywhere acclaimed unsurpassed. See the range of patterns and widths at any high-class jewellers, and test for yourself.

SHOOLBRED'S
TOTTENHAM HOUSE, W. 1.

The Renowned TAILOR-MADE SHIRTS for Ladies.

Known and worn all over the world.

Made to measure only by skilled Shirt Tailors in the Men's Shirt Department.

ZEPHYRS	15/6 & 19/6
OXFORD SHIRTING	15/6 & 19/6
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UNION CASHMERE	21/-
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FINE TAFFETA WOOL	31/6
TUSSORE SILKS	45/-
WHITE JAP SILKS	35/6 to 63/-
STRIPED SPUN SILKS	37/6 to 45/-
CREAM SPUN SILKS	27/6 to 55/-
STRIPED JAP SILKS	55/-
CREPE SILK	57/6
FINE TAFFETA WOOL WITH SILK STRIPES	33/6

Made with Collar-band unless ordered otherwise. Collars charged 1/6 to 3/- extra according to materials.

PATTERNS AND SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS POST FREE.

Summit shape 30 collars

THIS is a good style of Summit collar which is eminently becoming to the business man.

The skilfully-cut square corners give to this shape a quiet conservative appearance.

Shape 30 is stocked in four depths—$1\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{3}{4}$, 2 and $2\frac{1}{4}$ ins. *Quarter sizes*, four to the inch, from 14 to 18 inches.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. depths also stocked in size $13\frac{1}{2}$ ins. There are 26 distinct Summit shapes to choose from—amongst these the exact fit and style for you.

1/- each - Six for 6/-

You can get Summit Collars at any Austin Reed shop, or by writing to the Post Order Dept.:
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Sample Collar and Illustrated Book, post free, 1/-

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Also at BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, BRISTOL and PRESTON.

222

MOTOR-NOTES

MOTORISTS who are interested in watching the development of motor-cars should keep their eyes on the present two-cylinder air-cooled as against the four-cylinder water-cooled engines of the small 1,000 c.c. cycle-car class. The Baby Peugeot started the four-cylinder, tiny water-cooled type many years ago, it seems now, but in reality dropped it for the Peugeot quadrilette, a still smaller machine of 6 h.p. Now there exists the 8 h.p. Talbot, the 7.5 h.p. Amilcar, the 7.5 h.p. Citroën, and half a dozen more of these tiny four-cylinder motors. Naturally, I plump for the 8 h.p. Talbot as a British product, but the others are quite serviceable vehicles. Whether they are going to be more popular than the 8 h.p. Rover, the 8 h.p. Belsize, the 10 h.p. A.B.C. and other air-cooled machines remains to be seen. At any rate, the progress of both types are worth while watching, as I have a fancy that the success in America of the big air-cooled Franklin will lead to our seeing quite large cars with air-cooled engines in a little time.

* * *

THE new model 11.4 h.p. Citroën, selling for £395, with full lighting and engine-starting kit, is a very smart and comfortable vehicle, not a bit looking like a quantity production outfit. And mention of this brings the new 7.5 h.p. 250-guinea Citroën into the limelight, which is just getting into production. As a Citroën car fitted with the Kegresse caterpillar chain track crossed the Alps successfully recently in some trials before the French Government officials, it now proposes to have a little tour across the Sahara. I wonder what next?

* * *

I AM glad to see that Rudge motor-cycles are taking part in the Senior Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man on June 1. It may be remembered that the Rudge-Multi won the Senior T.T. in 1914, but I do not think has taken part in that event since. Anyway, this year the field is bigger than ever, so that the motor-cycle brigade will have every chance of sizing up the merits of practically every motor-cycle on the market in the three classes racing in the T.T. this summer. Now the Isle of Man authorities have ceased worrying whether girls may ride on pillions behind the boys that visit the island with their jiggers, I expect the popularity of the T.T. competitors will be greater than ever with the fair sex in Manxland. No restrictions is the Order of the Day, I believe, so it would appear that good times are coming for the motor-cycling visitors; a real good holiday, and may the best men win.

OLD HY.

AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSE AND AN ATTRACTIVE CAR
Outside the Manor House, Stoneleigh, the residence of Mr. W. H. Metters, a satisfied owner of a 12 h.p. Rover car

Harrods
Newest Toques

Charm of shape and beauty of hue are wedded perfectly in these distinctive models, which are but representative of the wonderful selection in Harrods' Artificial Flower Salon.

EFFECTIVE TOQUE (A.F.115) of the finest quality Ostrich Feather. Available in black, saxe, nigger, navy or rust 63/-

FLORAL TOQUE (A.F.116) (*on right*). Covered Satin foliage, with wide band of small velvet flowers to tone. In saxe, nigger, sand, purple, cherry or grey 35/9

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STATION HOTEL.

Hot and Cold *Sea-Water Baths*, Electric Lights, Lifts, Billiards (3 Tables), Garage, Tennis, etc. Fine 18-Hole Golf Course (Tom Fernie, Professional).

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For further Particulars and Descriptive Tariffs, apply to J. H. THOMAS, *Manager G. & S.W. Rly. Hotels, Glasgow, or to Resident Manager at the Respective Hotels.*

Humber Cycles

EVERY Humber Model carries the maker's guarantee, and Humber riders everywhere testify to the long faultless service of their machines. The "Beeston" is our model superb. Its handsome appearance and note of distinction make it popular, especially with ladies.

Art Catalogues and particulars on request.

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WRINKLES

HOW THE JAPANESE BANISH THEM FOR EVER.

Accept this great offer made to introduce in this country a totally new method guaranteed to permanently remove even the deepest creases within one week.

Nothing even remotely resembling this new Japanese method has ever been heard of in this country before. That is the only reason why so many women now have wrinkles and still consider them incurable. I want one thousand ladies in this country to remove their wrinkles by this method and agree to recommend it to their friends AFTER it has done all I claim. This is frankly an advertising offer, but the names and addresses will be treated as strictly confidential and not used in any way. I prefer applicants to be from forty to seventy years of age, and the more wrinkled their faces are the more pleased I shall be to make them look ten to thirty years younger.

Remember I am not asking some ridiculously exorbitant price to try this method, nor do I charge you for any "instructions." I bind no one to secrecy, and do not claim ability to remove wrinkles by means of any sort of "flesh food," face powder, plasters, lotions, or pastes, prescriptions, medicines, steaming, bandages, masks, electricity, exercises, massage, apparatus, or any mechanical appliances whatsoever. In fact, I have no toilet articles of any kind to sell you for removing wrinkles, and I do not recommend any complicated "treatment" or "system," either duplex, triplex, or any other sort of "plex."

I guarantee to hold this offer open to all applicants for one month from the time this announcement appears. SEND NO MONEY, but if convenient, three penny stamps may be enclosed for my posting expenses. There is no obligation of any kind. Merely address Mme. Y. Miyako (Dept. 75 F.), 28, St. George's House, Regent Street, London, W. 1., and your letter will receive prompt attention, under plain, sealed cover. I agree to return even your postage in full if you are not surprised, astonished, and delighted by what I send you.

HOW A 'BEARDED LADY' KILLED ALL HER SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

BY DISSOLVING OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

For the benefit of "Bystander" readers, Lady explains how she accidentally discovered a new absorption process which permanently removed her Hairy Mask after Electricity, Tweezers, Caustic Pastes, Lotions, Powders, and all other Depilatories and Advertised Remedies had absolutely failed to do anything but harm.

By following the simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully-guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy, advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly and painlessly of all superfluous hair growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution easily obtained and prepared by anyone, which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is perhaps needless to caution any who may use this process, which has so deadly an effect upon the hair, that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means of restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

After she had endured for ten years the humiliation of having a beard and moustache like a man, and after electrolysis, pastes, "lotions," and all other methods had failed absolutely, Miss Firmin killed all her superfluous hair in a single night by the harmless new absorption process fully explained in this article.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address, Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Dept. 23 H), 193/197 Regent Street, London, W. 1 and full particulars will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to expire positively at the end of ten days.

THE GRAPHIC

APRIL 1, 1922

Will contain the following special features :—

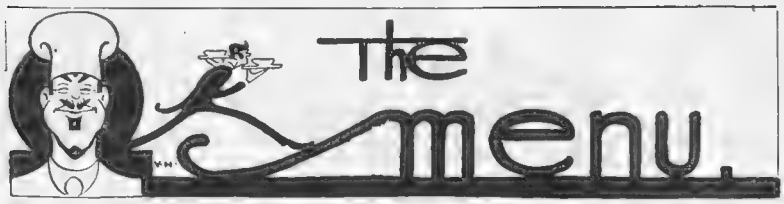
THE BOAT RACE: PORTRAITS OF THE CREWS

THE LOOM OF THE LAW
By J. A. R. CAIRNS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY
By WILLIAM CAINE

A DAY'S ROUND IN ST. FELIX SCHOOL, SOUTHWOLD

PRICE - - ONE SHILLING.



SOME ATTRACTIVE ENTRÉES

Fricasseed Sweetbreads

These can be bought for 2*s.* 6*d.* a pound, imported ones, but they are extremely good, and 1 lb. makes a good-sized dish. Blanch them in warm water for twenty minutes, then put them on in a pan with cold water, and bring this to the boil; put them once more into cold water for a few minutes. Have ready a good white sauce in which a small onion has been boiled, take out the onion, add salt, white pepper, and a little mace, put in the sweetbreads, and let them simmer for one hour, and just before serving add a squeeze of lemon-juice and a little finely chopped parsley. The sweetbreads can be garnished with small fried rashers of bacon or slices of tomatoes tossed in butter.

Salmis of Wild Duck or Ptarmigan

Put 3 ozs. of butter in a stewpan with 1 oz. of flour, stir until of a nice brown. Add by degrees half a tumbler of stock and the same quantity of red wine, two whole shallots, a bay leaf and a bunch of herbs, salt and pepper, and put in the bones and body of the bird, from which all the meat should be taken. Let this boil for half an hour, then strain it, put back in the saucepan, and, when nearly boiling, put in the pieces of bird. Put a round of toast at the bottom of a hot dish, arrange the pieces of bird on it, and pour over the gravy. A dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce should be added to the gravy. Garnish with slices of lemon, and serve with potato chips.

Stewed Chicken with Olives

Cut a chicken into joints, fry them in butter in a sauté pan; add a minced onion, and let cook a few minutes, then moisten with some nicely flavoured brown sauce, cover the pan, and cook for thirty-five minutes; about fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives, and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Game Soufflés

Pound and sieve 4 oz. of any cold cooked game or chicken, and mix it with the panade prepared with one gill of good brown stock (made from the bones and trimmings of the game); add two eggs. Have ready some little soufflé cases, fill with the mixture, and bake for fifteen minutes. The Panade.—Put ½ oz. of butter into a pan with a gill of stock or milk, and bring it to the boil, then add 2 ozs. of flour and stir it all together over the fire till it is thick enough to roll into a ball, draw it to the side of the stove, and let it cook for a few minutes longer, stirring occasionally, till the flour is thoroughly cooked. These soufflés make a very dainty entrée.

Oriental Stewed Prawns

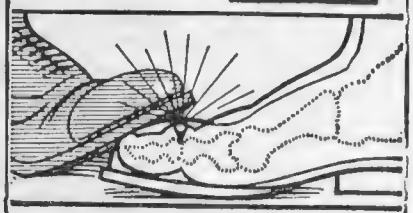
Clean and pick three dozen prawns. Heat some butter in a stewpan, add the prawns, one chopped onion, salt, pepper, and one teaspoonful of curry-powder. Add half a pint of stock, and simmer for half an hour. Serve with boiled rice.

Shrimp Cocktails

Put into the bottom of a rather large wineglass a good dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, cover with picked shrimps, and then add a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire Sauce, in which a few drops of Tabasco Pepper-Sauce has been added. The latter is an American sauce, and gives the requisite hot flavour to the cocktail. N.B.—The above recipe is given in answer to a correspondent.

Emilia

"Ooh! That CORN"



TAKE IT OUT SO THAT IT WON'T COME BACK

Don't merely cut the top off with a razor or burn it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc. It doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

The business end of a corn is the root. That is what hurts when pressed on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out.

A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come root and all.

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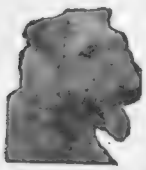

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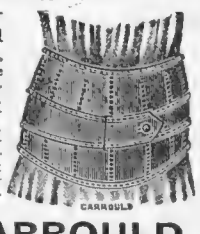

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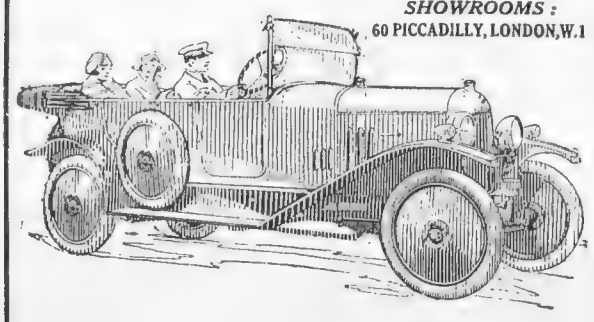

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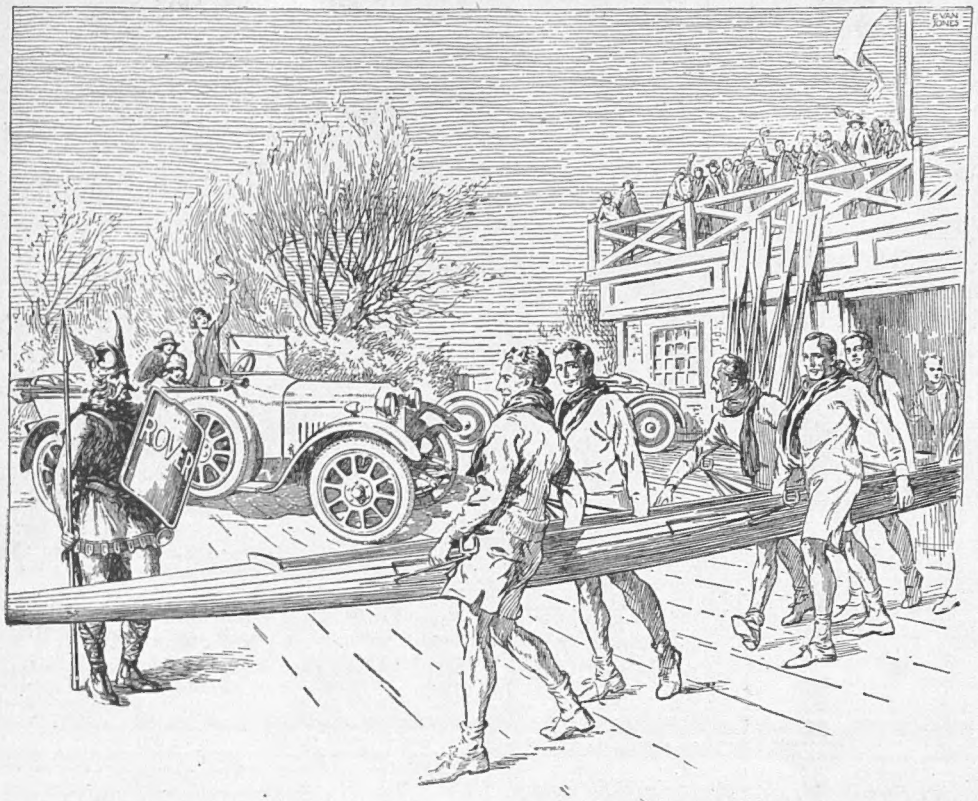

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